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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Think Again, Senator

Senator Burton K. Wheeler's recent tactics in opposition to the lease-lend bill deserve the unqualified condemnation of all good democrats. He has a right to his opinion and to its full expression. Nothing should be done to prevent the debate which is an essential part of the democratic process. Nor should the minority suffer any loss of respect for its honest convictions. But democracy has a right to act as well as to talk, and, in times of crisis, action must be taken promptly. Yet Senator Wheeler threatened to filibuster against the bill because the party leaders proposed to start Senate sessions one hour earlier (at 11 A.M. instead of 12) so that debate might be facilitated and a vote taken sooner. He won his point.

A Senate filibuster is of doubtful ethics at best. It consists, not in honest discussion, but in endless talking by a minority so that a majority known to be in favor of a measure may not have the opportunity to vote for it. Such justification for the filibuster as exists depends on the existence of an issue which is not of immediate urgency, or of a senatorial majority which is known to oppose the will of the people, combined with the probability that a filibuster long enough continued will force the Senate to pigeonhole the measure and turn its attention to something else. None of these circumstances now exists. Since Senator Wheeler's protest was actually against the provision of *more* daily time for debate while the measure was under consideration, he could have had only one motive—the intention to delay a bill which he has admitted will pass.

Senator Wheeler's action was not only a stab in the back of popular sovereignty, but deliberate aid to the arch enemy of democracy and of this nation. He may sincerely believe that it is wise for the United States not to give effective aid to Britain, but he can scarcely be so idiotic as to suppose that if aid is to be given we shall be in less danger if it comes too late.

Is Hitler Hedging?

Hitler of course had to make a speech on the anniversary of the accession of the Nazis to power, but there was little new in it except the emphasis on a plan to attack British shipping in March by an all-out submarine campaign. He did not mention an invasion. It has all along been probable that the Germans would try to knock out Britain's power of resistance by cutting off her flow of supplies before attempting the landing of any substantial army. If the sea campaign should fail, invasion might never be attempted. And it is probable that Hitler exaggerated the submarine menace. The British have long been well aware that they must prepare against this type of warfare. Hitler even seemed to be laying the groundwork for the possibility of their success in defense, by declaring his indifference to a long war. He did not repeat his rash promise to clean up his enemy in 1941.

Turkey Explains a Little

Though the real meaning of the Bulgarian-Turkish non-aggression pact is not yet clear, the meaning with which it was endowed by the Nazis has been taken out of it—plausible as their interpretation was. The Turkish Foreign Minister has categorically denied that it was tantamount to a declaration of Turkish neutrality if

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Hitler ploughs through Bulgaria to invade Greece. And the Soviet Union has denied that it has interfered to any such purpose.

Whether the German army will attack Greece, and what Turkey would do in such a case, are still unanswered questions. To this extent Turkey has withdrawn from her former assertion that she would certainly fight if the Germans entered Bulgaria. She might, and again she might not. On the basis of purely military considerations it is doubtful that she would in any case expose her flank by getting in the way of a German army advancing on the Greek frontier. Just how the Balkan situation develops will probably depend largely on the conferences which Foreign Minister Anthony Eden and the British Chief of Staff are now holding in Cairo and Ankara. One thing is almost certain—the British and the Turks will act according to a common plan, whatever they decide. It is scarcely credible that either would consent to hand Greece over to the Nazis without a struggle.

Ominous News from China

Mr. Maurer's article in this issue, calling attention to an extremely serious situation, is confirmed by last-minute reports from Chungking. There is no doubt that some ugly developments have been seen in Nationalist China. The Blue Shirts and other fascist and semi-fascist groups are exerting a disturbing degree of influence on Chiang Kai-shek. The Kuomintang has lost a great part of the idealism of its early days. Actually, the one group in China that comes nearest to supporting Western ideas of democracy at present is the so-called Chinese Communists. If this seems a paradox, in view of the well known contempt for democracy exhibited in Moscow, the explanation lies in the fact that the mass of the Chinese Communists have a different aim in view. Their concern is to get rid first of the Japanese and second of landlordism and exploitation—aims that are within hailing distance of those held by our own New Deal. Yet as Mr. Maurer shows, Chiang has starved the Communists of money and munitions. Civil war has broken out in China during the last few months and is likely to do so again. Highly placed officials have been pocketing graft on a big scale even for China, which has always been more sweeping in her views on this point than Tammany Hall.

Mr. Lauchlin Currie has now gone to China as President Roosevelt's personal representative. Presumably he will be able to break through the inner ring of Fascist-minded men who keep Chiang Kai-shek from knowing what is going on, and can tell the Generalissimo a few wholesome truths. Among these is the undoubted fact that this country would have very little interest in helping a Fascist China to defeat a Fascist Japan. If China is in any danger of joining Hitler's camp, the whole strategy of America's policy in the Far East needs to be drastically reconsidered. Chiang should certainly think hard before continuing much farther on his present course.

Hopkins and War Aims

William H. Stoneman, London correspondent of The Chicago Daily News, cabled a disturbing report on February 22. Referring to demands made by The Yorkshire Post and The New Statesman and Nation for a declaration of war aims, he said: "Churchill regards all such talk as a great nuisance. He certainly was not encouraged to change his attitude when Harry L. Hopkins recently told him that nobody in the U. S. except 'a few intellectuals' was interested in knowing Britain's war aims."

If this report is well founded, it is bad news. Many more than "a few intellectuals" in this country want to know Britain's war aims. If Mr. Hopkins stated the contrary to Mr. Churchill, we hope he was not reflecting the administration's attitude toward one of the most important questions of today.

Dangerous Thoughts

Dangerous thoughts are abroad in the land and by an odd coincidence The New York Times, the NAM and the Dies Committee came upon their spoor in a neat sequence. On February 21, The New York Times printed a front-page story about the Institute for Propaganda Analysis: "Propaganda Study Instills Skepticism in 1,000,000 Pupils." On February 22, The Times carried the five-column story about Dr. Robey's shocking discoveries anent the textbooks, elsewhere referred to in this issue. On February 23, The Times announced that the Dies Committee is investigating the Institute for Propaganda Analysis. And on February 25, the Institute published its February bulletin, which was an analysis of the NAM's interest in the schoolbooks.

A previous bulletin had gone so far as to analyze the methods of the Dies Committee, convicting itself of "open hostility" to the committee by the presumptuous act of thinking about it. J. B. Matthews, chief investigator for the Dies Committee, says that his inquiry is going to find out "what this organization really stands for." He unwittingly supplied the perfect answer to his question, in the same statement, by labeling Professor Kirtley F. Mather, the distinguished geologist of Harvard University, who is president of the Institute, a "left-winger" because he signed two open letters last July, one protesting against elimination of minority candidates from election ballots, the other urging aid for Spanish anti-fascist refugees. You can be in favor of the free ballot, Mr. Matthews, and be a progressive, a conservative, a Rotarian, or a member of the Harvard, University and Twentieth Century Clubs as Professor Mather is. The Institute for Propaganda Analysis exists to suggest to Americans, young and old, that reasoning of the Dies Committee kind isn't

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good enough for the safe and orderly working of a democracy.

Fascist Pattern

Last week in New York's Mecca Temple the America First Committee and the Keep America Out of War Congress ran a rally to protest the passage of the lease-lend bill. More than anything else it provided startling proof that, willingly or not, our most respectable appeasers are being drawn into a closely united front with the most vicious elements of American fascism. The packed hall and the enthusiasm that greeted the speakers delighted the managers of the affair until it was discovered that the bulk of the crowd was composed of members of Joe McWilliams' anti-Semitic American Destiny Party. Observers in the hall and radio listeners were treated to an ironic spectacle. One after the other, Senator Wheeler, Senator Nye, Norman Thomas and John T. Flynn, rose to attack the lease-lend bill as a step toward dictatorship, to the hysterical applause of the same mob that cheers the names of Hitler and Mussolini on New York's street corners. True, none of these speakers relished the character of the audience. But their awkward protestations against race and religious hatreds sounded feeble against the repeated chant that came from the coached crowd, "The Jews, the Jews." And after the rally it was not the speakers who received the conventional handshakes. At the entrance stood Joe McWilliams, the real hero of the evening, pumping the same hands that had just applauded the confused appeasers. Exactly such incidents took place in German cities just before Hitler came into power.

Mussolini Reasons

There has been no analysis of official propaganda in Italy since 1922. Italians are supposed to believe what they are told. Do they though, and will they, forever? The man who tells them told them again this week. He told them that their army in Africa had been about wiped out; but he said that they need not worry about Italy's future because the Nazis were still tremendously strong. Leave the future of your country to the Nazis, said Il Duce, in effect. Many ferocious adjectives protected this pearl of thought, but the rarest verbiage was reserved for the climax of his speech and was used to describe some of his fellow countrymen—"poltroons," "snakes." Plainly, thoughts are abroad in the land of Italy. Thoughts with the force of nineteen years' repression behind them can be dangerous indeed. The democratic way of trying hard to cast a balance as you go along seems a lot safer.

Biter Bit

German radio propaganda has received the nicest slap on the wrist in years as the result of its offer that American listeners cable collect to Berlin the kinds of programs they wished to hear and any criticisms they found appropriate. It was an opportunity almost, but not quite, as happy as would be provided at a country fair were Adolf Hitler's face to appear suddenly through a hole in a sheet, with hard, wooden balls available at no cost to the thrower. The variety of responses was satisfying, showing individual thinking at its best: the collective effort cost the Nazis some thousands of precious American dollars.

This enterprise certainly has its unhappy aspects, from our own point of view. No doubt some Americans will now feel they have accomplished a real stroke against Hitler, when all they have really done was to relieve their own emotions. In so far as they signed their own names and addresses, they helped him accumulate two valuable mailing lists, of enemies and friends. No doubt American listening to the German short-wave suddenly took an enormous jump, which is just what the Berlin propagandists wanted. But beyond all this there is the elementary human fact that Germany asked what people thought of her, and found out. This war gives few occasions for a chuckle, and this was one.

We Hope It Isn't True

A few days ago The New York Post announced that the War Department had forbidden the sale of a number of publications, including The New Republic, at government-operated post exchanges at army stations. The War Department promptly denied this report, and we hope the denial turns out to be true and not just one of those perfunctory performances of which some government officials are so fond. The alleged basis was that the periodicals banned were regarded as "subversive or as organs of foreign groups." In regard to some of them, such as the Communist New Masses and Daily Worker, the Nazi Facts in Review and the Coughlinite Social Justice, this charge might be proved. But there are two dangerous absurdities here involved. The first is inability to distinguish between The New Republic and the papers advocating the Nazi and Communist doctrines which it has vigorously opposed. The other is the assumption that an army official has a right to interfere with constitutional freedom of the press.

Fish Out of Water

The recent drafting into the army of a former first-class gunner with fourteen years of service in the navy presents one of the anomalies of the Selective Service Act. Of all those who have served in the federal forces, this act exempts only men with three consecutive years of service in the army or six years in the National Guard. Accordingly, men who have had long periods of training in the navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard are now faced with the prospect of spending a year in the army. The government has carefully trained them at considerable expense and now in time of emergency

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sends them not into the branch they can best serve but into a completely alien field where their past training and experience will be almost useless. Naval men in the army are fish out of water. Not only does this represent an economic waste of much needed manpower but it also creates an antagonism to the draft which is as undesirable as it is needless.

But what caused Congress to include in the law the provision that has given rise to this problem? It has been hinted by some local draft boards that the distaste for a year in the army will cause former navy men, Marines and Coast Guardsmen to reënlist in their old service and thus place additional men in training. The semi-official explanation from Washington (that we need men primarily in the army and that former Marine training is valueless for such purposes) is belied by the stress placed upon the importance of a two-ocean navy. In the interest of national defense, men with substantial marine training might well be deferred until they are actually needed in the service for which they are fitted in order that more civilians without such experience may meanwhile be given a year's army training.

Letters Invited

The next special supplement of The New Republic, and the second to be published in connection with The New Republic Committee for Democratic Defense, will be on a Democratic Army. This supplement is now being prepared and will be published in about a month. Both The New Republic and the Committee for Democratic Defense are anxious that this special section shall contain the first authentic summary of the conditions in which the hundreds of thousands of young Americans who have been conscripted, and the millions more who presumably will be, now find themselves. We shall welcome, therefore, letters from young men now serving as volunteers or conscripts in the United States army, giving us their experiences. We shall further welcome letters from the relatives of these young men or from any others who have information which they believe to be valuable to such a project. In publishing or summarizing such letters we shall of course keep the names of the authors confidential. We shall particularly welcome letters dealing with life in the army which contain both constructive criticism and suggestions as to the ways in which the life of army men may be made more educational, more democratic and more worth while. Address the Committee for Democratic Defense, care of The New Republic, 40 East Forty-ninth Street, New York City.

News Notes of a Week

Tokyo's talk made Hitler's sound like peanuts. There is a part of the globe, somewhere around the South Pacific, 1,200 miles by 1,000 miles in dimension, called Oceania, said Foreign Minister Matsuoka. There are thousands of islands in Oceania (names not given) capable of supporting from 600,000,000 to 800,000,000 people. The white race must cede Oceania to the Asiatics. . . . The Kremlin acted in the Kremlin manner. Maxim Litvinov and five others were expelled from membership in the Central Committee for "inability to discharge obligations." What does that mean? . . . Hitler made a mistake, Nazi officials said, in giving British shipping losses as 217,000 tons in two days. The figure should have been 250,000. . . . Two Nazi dive-bombing raids on British warships in the Mediterranean were decisively repulsed, said correspondents aboard one of the warships.

FDR sent a special communication to Congress asking nearly $4,000,000,000 more for the army, chiefly for planes. He also wants $150,000,000 for housing. . . . The OPM placed its first compulsory industry-wide priorities, on aluminum and machine tools, and it was predicted that the government would soon invoke additional mandatory priorities to divert the output of several more industries into defense. . . . Mr. Justice Reed and a committee of seven others recommended extension of civil service to all federal jobs, except those defined as "policy-determining." Naturally, there was disagreement within the committee about classifying lawyers. . . . Robert Minor was appointed acting secretary of the Communist Party for the period of Earl Browder's imprisonment. . . . William S. Knudsen took most of the wind out of the widespread sails of the pass-a-law-to-outlaw-strikes people by telling the House Judiciary Committee that no legislation was needed. Westbrook Pegler took the witness stand to try to blow a little air into it again. . . . The National Education Association proposed a National Commission on the Protection of Democracy through Education. It had the National Association of Manufacturers in mind. And Westbrook Pegler?

Getting Tough in Asia

THE SALUTARY RESULTS of the unyielding front presented by the United States and Great Britain in Asia are already apparent. No sooner had Australian troops landed in the Malay Peninsula to protect Singapore and the surrounding waters been mined, than the authorities in French Indo-China refused to continue negotiations with Thailand under Japan's mediation unless Japanese warships were withdrawn from their waters. Japan's grasp on this French outpost, cast adrift by the surrender of the mother country, may not tighten so quickly as she had expected.

Japanese statesmen, it is true, storm and bluster, claim all Oceania as their rightful domain, denounce their Occidental opponents as disturbers of the peace, and talk vaingloriously about what they will do to Singapore and the Philippines if the Western powers continue to stand in their way. But these expressions of rage are simply the measure of the frustration suf-

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fered by the Japanese imperial aggressors. They are confronted with a desperate situation unless they abandon their ambition, and they know it.

According to Mr. Henry H. Douglas, writing in the March issue of Asia, the United States, Great Britain and the Netherlands now have a combined naval force in the Pacific 15 to 20 percent stronger than the Japanese navy. In 1939 the Dutch had in these waters forty ships with a total of 63,000 tons, and the British Empire forces numbered about fifty fighting craft with 136,000 tons. These units have undoubtedly been augmented since. The United States has upwards of 1,000,000 tons in the Pacific. In addition there is an unknown quantity of modern aircraft. If the Japanese should launch an attack on any of the strongly held positions which they covet, thus exposing their naval flanks over the long route to the South Pacific, scattering their forces and leaving their home bases weakly defended, they would be courting disaster against Allied fleets strongly based at Singapore, Manila, Hong Kong, Soerabaja and Amboyna.

The part that this nation has played in the show of resistance is in a sense symbolic, though the symbolism has a real significance. For several years the navy has been requesting Congress to appropriate money for the fortification of Guam, and Congress has refused, largely on the ground that development of this distant and exposed position would be of little value to the defense of this country and would offer needless offense to the Japanese. Recently, however, Congress, with scarcely a dissenting vote and little debate, authorized the funds to convert it into an air base. The work cannot be done until long after the present crisis is past, and even so the island is far from Japan and is surrounded by many Japanese island bases. The action was of supreme importance, however, as a sign that we are not intimidated. The apparently accidental disclosure that we have sent additional large bombers to the Pacific—information supposed to have been a military secret confided to a congressional committee—served to strengthen that impression.

The measure of our power, however, is not confined to the fighting units ready for immediate action. Japan has been dependent on us for a large share of her gasoline, iron and steel scrap, copper and other metals and machine tools. Gasoline and other supplies have also come from the Netherlands Indies and British possessions. She has accumulated large stocks of these essentials in recent years—enough, probably, to last through a short war. Yet if she should take hostile action which would result in the complete cessation of such imports, she would in the long run be helpless, and there is little likelihood that she could find a sufficient source of supply elsewhere. She is not likely to get more machine tools. Already the embargo of October 16, 1940, has virtually cut off her imports of scrap, and more recent acts will probably have the effect of depriving her of other metals. We have, in effect, subsidized Japan's war on China, but we would not support her in armed aggression in the South Seas, especially against ourselves.

The embargoes which we, in conjunction with the British and Dutch, can impose at any time, and may impose even if Japan undertakes no further conquest, would end all hope of Japan to continue as a major naval power. At present we are outbuilding her, while we sell her the materials out of which her own warships are constructed and the fuel with which they are moved. If naval programs are continued on present schedules, Japan will probably have, in 1945, 362 vessels with a tonnage of 1,661,659, against our 736 with a tonnage of 3,534,015. It is true that we are likely to need large parts of this fleet elsewhere. If now we deprive her of much of the material out of which ships are built and the motive power with which to run them, her program must be subject to drastic downward revision.

Japan has supposedly been exploiting a golden opportunity to extend her empire while the Western nations were busy fighting among themselves. There are some in this country, however, who would like to see Japan force war upon us now, on the theory that this is our golden opportunity to cripple her fleet, end the necessity for competitive building in the future, liquidate the "China incident" and free all our resources for aid to the democracies in Europe. Certainly any deployment of her naval strength against Singapore, Manila or Java would provide such an opportunity. The masters of her strategy are not, however, likely to be so shortsighted. It will become apparent to the Japanese people in time, as it must be now to their rulers, that the power mobilized against them can offer no real threat in their home waters, deadly as it might be in a counter-offensive against a rash expedition. Any aggressive action against Japan would be as ill advised from a purely military point of view as such action by her.

Japan is in essence bluffing; we, the British and the Dutch are not. That is our strength. Japan has played all her cards; we have aces in the hole. It is only necessary to stand firm and she can do little but bluster.

Our weakness, however, is in the development of our political resources in the Far East. At the moment the situation looks on the surface like a contest of naked imperialisms which ignores the welfare of the native populations involved. It is easily possible to implement its deeper meaning by wise and just political action.

Our recent record in the Philippines is relatively good; we need not reproach ourselves on that score. The Filipinos would prefer our protection to Japanese dominance, much as they aspire to independence. The record of the French in Indo-China and of their treatment of the Siamese is, however, pretty black, and it was this fact that enabled Japan to utilize the legiti-

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mate resentment of Thailand for purposes of her own. Britain certainly needs to clear her record in relation to the Indian Nationalist movement, and much ought to be done in Burma and the Malay States. The Netherlands East Indies have recently been granted a dominion status with autonomy; demands for reforms by native representatives in the local parliament have been withdrawn for the time being, in view of the common danger. But there is room for a wise and progressive policy.

Most of all, there is no clarity of intention with regard to China or to Japan herself. Do the Western nations intend to continue their old financial imperialism and to insist on their special treaty rights in China? What alternative is offered to Japan if she relinquishes aggressive and militaristic designs? Here, as well as in Europe, a declaration of peace aims embodying a new order is necessary, not only as a guarantee of the future, but for the sake of helping to dissipate the poisonous fumes that have arisen out of the witches' cauldron brewed in large part by the Western nations themselves.

The Burning of the Textbooks

THE National Association of Manufacturers, not content with acting as a whip for reactionary business men in the area of economics and government, has now laid its heavy hand on American education. Several months ago it hired Ralph Robey, who teaches banking at Columbia, to conduct a survey of un-American attitudes in high-school textbooks in the social sciences. Now, through the generous front-page space accorded him by The New York Times and other papers, Mr. Robey announces his results. One gathers that they make him despair of his country, because they are "derogatory of the American form of government and critical of free business enterprise."

What are the subversive doctrines? Extracts from seven of the books are given in The Times. Here are some of the un-American doctrines that our high-school students are reading: that there are a small number of powerful corporations in America; that there are trusts and monopolies; that there are sharp differences in living standards; that vast amounts of money are spent in advertising to break down consumer resistance; that the press has enormous power and speaks in general for a minority; that in actual operation the guarantees in our Bill of Rights are often infringed; that politics is not always clean; and that (most subversive of all subversive doctrines!) the NAM has itself been guilty of subsidizing propaganda against social legislation.

We do not doubt the right of Mr. Robey or those for whom he works to express opinions on our school system. But when a powerful employers' association like the NAM levels its big guns at the free expression of ideas, more is involved than criticism by private citizens. For the members of the NAM are, in their local communities throughout the country, men of substance and power. Mr. Robey says that the NAM does not propose to publish either a blacklist or a white list of textbooks. Yet the fact is that the NAM is placing in the hands of its members and school authorities everywhere a book containing abstracts of supposedly dangerous passages from six hundred textbooks. What can this mean except the victimization of the more liberal—or less reactionary—books? What can it mean in actual practice except a glorified burning of the textbooks?

Actually it is well known that American textbook writers are likely to be mild men who, by the very nature of the limits within which they work, suffer from an excess of caution. The excerpts from the seven books that The Times has publicized are thoroughly innocuous to anyone who knows the facts of American life or anyone who has studied the reports about our economic system issued by government agencies themselves. Read the reports of any of the congressional investigating commissions from the Pujo Committee to the TNEC, and they will make what the professors say seem pale in comparison. In fact, the crime of which the NAM is accusing the textbook writers is that they dare say that American democracy and capitalism are not wholly perfect, and that there is still some unfinished business before us.

What will happen if the NAM is allowed to have its way? Pressure will be applied by local reactionaries and intellectual vigilantes upon any school board that dares buy textbooks that mention the unfinished business of American democracy. What sort of reign of terror this will mean has already been revealed in the campaign carried on by Merwin K. Hart and others against the books of Harold Rugg. Neither the drive against Rugg nor that of the NAM is an isolated affair. They are parts of a concerted campaign to censor and suppress free thought in the social sciences, and to turn the school system into an arm of the reactionaries in imprinting stereotypes on the minds of our children.

When the holders of economic power in any society grow panicky because they are bewildered at the forces loose in our world, their first impulse is toward suppression of thought. They hit out against the ideas whose truth they cannot face. It is well known that the NAM has in the past sought to introduce its own propaganda into high-school textbooks. Finding their propaganda attempts not wholly successful, they now turn to censorship. To be sure, Mr. Robey speaks in lofty terms of the skepticism which is undermining the morale of our youth. But that is an old dodge by now. It is not hard to infer that the real intent of the NAM is to use the defense emergency to force an entrance into our educational system that it has thus far not been able to effect.

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What then can be done? Our first reliance must be on what Mr. Justice Holmes called "the competition of ideas in the market-place." Whatever may be said about particular textbooks, the school authorities have many varieties to choose from, without the intimidation of the NAM. But Mr. Robey charges that the general level of the textbooks is amazingly low. That may or may not be true. Who is Mr. Robey to say so? He teaches banking and has been a financial writer for the papers. We have never known him to be considered an authority of any sort on educational methods or an authority on the matters on which he is sitting in judgment.

If we are worried about our textbooks we can have recourse for judgment, not to the NAM or its employees but to those who, because of their knowledge and objectivity, have an undisputed standing in the social sciences. We are happy therefore that the American Committee for Democracy and Intellectual Freedom has chosen a group of men like Professors Wesley C. Mitchell, Robert M. MacIver, Robert S. Lynd, Carl Wittke, to examine the textbooks in question and report on their factual accuracy and their scholarly temper. Our chief regret is that a committee of this caliber was not chosen to do this job several months ago, as soon as the National Association of Manufacturers fired its first threatening gun.

The same issue of The New York Times which carried the textbook excerpts carried also a tiny news item from Vichy. The Education Department of the French government, it seems, has banned from the French schools a long list of history books which emphasized the French Revolution at the expense of the many centuries of French monarchy. The moral need not be underlined. Hail the Pétain mentality of the new American censors!

Obit

A FEW WEEKS AGO, the Independent Labor League of America held a last convention and, like a man on his deathbed, reviewed its own history. This goes back to 1929, when Jay Lovestone and his followers were expelled from the Communist Party on direct orders from Moscow. They formed a new faction, which they called the Communist Party, U. S. A. (Majority Group). This name was too hopeful to be retained, considering that the majority group began with about 150 members and probably never had more than a thousand. Nevertheless, the group included several effective writers and some experienced labor politicians, and for ten years it played a fairly important part in the radical movement. Internationally it was connected with the Brandlerites in Germany and the Poumites in Spain, and it had bonds of sympathy with the Bukharin group in Russia. Domestically it was influential in several labor unions, including the Ladies' Garment Workers and for a time the United Automobile Workers. Its policies were sometimes wiser than those of the orthodox Communists. But it was handicapped by having started as a Communist splinter group, and wherever it went it carried with it antagonisms originally based on Russian politics.

Its final statement, now being circulated, is one of the most candid and realistic issued recently by any radical organization. It says in part:

> All the organizations, parties and groups that have come out of the old socialist and communist movements have lost their very ground of existence. The official Communist Party, which is nothing more than a foreign agency of the Stalin dictatorship of Russia, is a thoroughly alien and hostile element in the American labor movement. The various Trotsky sects, as well as the organizations that have emerged from the old Socialist Party, however wide their differences on all other questions may be, have one fatal defect in common: they simply close their eyes and refuse to recognize that we are living in a new world . . . that cannot be met in terms of old ideas and formulas, no matter how valid they may have been in their day. . . .
>
> There is no use blinking the facts. Our present organization, too, as an organization, has outlived its usefulness. . . . Therefore we, delegates to the national convention of the Independent Labor League of America, having given the most thorough consideration to the whole situation, do decide to dissolve the ILLA and to release all members and officers from any further obligations.

The Lovestonites are taking this action, "not in a spirit of defeat, but in a spirit of hope." And they invite other Marxist and Leninist groups "to throw off the dead weight of the past and its outlived organizations, and unite in a joint effort to blaze a trail to genuine American socialism." It is too much to hope that this sensible invitation will be widely accepted. Nevertheless we can say of the Lovestone group, without prejudice to its past activities, what Malcolm, Prince of Scotland, told his father about the dead Thane of Cawdor: that nothing in his life became him like the leaving it.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Psychological Bottlenecks

IT IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE for anyone to say how the American defense effort is now going. Very few men know; none of them, probably, is outside of Washington. The effort is so huge and complex that no single individual could be in touch with all its aspects.

The picture is not entirely black; an enormous amount of hard work has been done by a large number of people. It is still possible that the OPM may become a substantial improvement over the NDAC. If Sidney Hillman could get the support and authority he deserves, he could do a great deal, and he has already accomplished something. Donald Nelson has been fighting for authority over the army and navy procurement divisions, and there are reports now that he is winning. The new Production Planning Board, which includes Harry Hopkins and representatives of the army and navy, AFL, CIO, business and scientific research, may be a valuable step forward if it is given real power. If it is just another advisory group, it will only waste more precious time.

The worst bottlenecks, as we pointed out in our special supplement on "Democratic Defense" (The New Republic, February 17), are those arising from the fundamental structures and purposes of business itself; but these are not the only ones. There are others that are primarily psychological. They center around the army and navy men whose job it is to expand our military establishment under sudden enormous pressure to ten or fifteen times its previous size, and around the dollar-a-year men brought in from private industry to help carry on this work. The army and navy officers find it almost impossible to change their horizons overnight, and it is no discredit to them, and certainly no reflection on their patriotism, that this should be so. The work top-ranking officers are now suddenly called upon to do requires imagination and the very highest type of managerial ability. It would be a real miracle if the kind of individual who is attracted in his youth to Annapolis or West Point should turn out also to have these rare and precious gifts.

That many of the important men in the army and navy do not have them, is readily apparent. One hears hair-raising stories in Washington of colonels and brigadiers who make it a matter almost of pride not to keep an engagement calendar. They see all visitors, great and small, in the order in which they arrive, unless a congressman turns up and takes precedence. (Congressmen vote military appropriations.) How men can do their work properly under these conditions is a mystery, to which the answer seems to be that they can't.

These bluff and charming warriors usually dislike charts, diagrams and graphs; some of them even dislike statistics, although the very heart of modern big-scale industry is accurate records of what is scheduled and whether the schedule is being met. It is common practice for modern industrial plants—especially those having a variety of products—to operate extensive planning departments equipped with all sorts of mechanisms for recording progress on the smallest details of manufacture and all kept almost literally up to the minute. It is safe to say that few if any of the top men in the official side of the defense program have any concept of accurate reporting on such a scale as this.

Here and there one meets really scandalous ignorance. Stories are told of a certain metal required for battleships, of which the navy's purchasing agent wanted to buy 1,300 units, while the manufacturer, out of long experience, insisted that 700 units were sufficient. The navy man offered, without more ado, to split the difference and make it a thousand. There are other stories of an error of many tons in the amount of aluminum needed for desks on a battleship because, as it turned out, the navy men had weighed a heavy steel desk and multiplied that by the number required, although aluminum is perhaps 50 percent lighter than steel. And so on.

The weakness of army and navy men for big corporations and for old-established channels is notorious. Of the first 511 firms to get government-defense contracts for $100,000 or more, 114 got 95 percent of the total amount, or about $6,700,000,000 out of $7,000,000,000. Most of these firms are now swamped with government business while smaller corporations are still trying vainly to have their services accepted, and the need for additional production keeps on getting bigger and bigger. One disadvantage of this centralized production is that it creates great quantities of jobs in certain areas. Workers are brought to these places from all over the country, although housing facilities are inadequate or lacking. If the government had brought the work to the men, instead of the men to the work, much confusion could have been avoided.

This brings us logically to the matter of subcontracting, which the British call "bits and pieces." In spite of all the recent favorable talk, there is still plenty of evidence that most high officials having to do with the job give it lip-service only and are not inclined to seek out small shops and factories in parts of the country not now working on defense and put them to use, or to compel organizations with big contracts to do so. In one known case a huge firm signed a contract for work while it lacked necessary machines. A smaller firm which did possess these items asked for a subcontract. It was told that this would not be considered, but that firm No. 1 would buy its machines. No doubt there have been many such instances.

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One of the pathetic little documents of the national-defense program is the four-page folder produced by the Shenandoah Valley Defense Council. With the slogan "Put Us to Work Now! It Is Later Than You Think," this organization asks for small contracts for defense efforts in the Valley's machine shops. A careful inventory has been made of the equipment available and of the workers; although the Shenandoah is chiefly an agricultural community, there are plenty of both. I don't know whether the Shenandoah Valley has been given part of the work, but it seems unlikely to me. When we recall that in Great Britain a single turret on the top of a tank, with its equipment, is being made by 110 companies, we realize how far we lag behind the technique the English have evolved under the stress of emergency.

It is an ironic footnote on the story of the Shenandoah Valley Defense Council that contracts have recently been discovered in musty files showing that during the American Civil War, the Confederate government used subcontracting throughout the Valley in the manufacture of rifles. It is often remarked that we haven't yet caught up to where we were at the beginning of 1917. In this case, we haven't even caught up to 1862.

Giving the lion's share of the contracts to a few big firms has another grave weakness. An unduly large proportion of these firms are in the wrong part of the country from a military point of view. The government is now building some plants in the middle of the United States, as far as possible from the borders; but this policy is honored more in the breach than in the observance. Some experts believe that more than 50 percent of the factories on defense work are in areas which the army itself has officially declared unsafe from a military point of view.

The failure to take full advantage of subcontracting is linked with another weakness, the lack of prefabrication and assembly-line techniques. When President Roosevelt announced our big new shipbuilding program, it was understood that the parts for the ships would be standardized, manufactured at various points and sent to the shipyards where they would be assembled with great rapidity. I am advised that this is not being done and that it is being resisted vigorously.

If it is hard to change the habits of thought of the army and navy men, it is equally hard to modify the thinking of the dollar-a-year volunteers from big business. These men have been trained all their lives to produce goods on a scarcity basis and thereby hold up prices. Their bogey has always been overequipment and overproduction. No matter how hard they try—and some of them undoubtedly are trying their best—they find it next to impossible to turn their minds to the idea of bigger and bigger plants to produce more and more goods until we have an unquestioned surplus for ourselves and Great Britain over any potential enemy. Thus we have the really outrageous scandal of aluminum, where the experts supposedly working for the government went on month after month telling us that there was no need of an increase in productive capacity, only to admit at last that we were in fact faced by a perilous shortage. The same thing has been true in a dozen other fields. There have also been some actual gross favoritism, sectional discrimination and deliberate dishonesty. Every informed person in Washington believes that the forthcoming Senate investigation will reveal facts of this sort that will shock the nation.

When Hitler went to war, his first act was to halt all production of civilian goods of every kind which interfered with actual or potential war supplies. He instantly set on foot a pool of all patents on devices useful for military purposes. Any such drastic thinking as this is completely foreign to the business men who, some of them in an annoyingly bland and patronizing attitude, have come to Washington to show the country how to do it.

Internecine wars between various segments of business are still going on, and have done the defense program substantial harm. One of these that has become famous is between the automobile and the aircraft industries. The airplane manufacturers were determined not to let the automobile men get into their business at all, in spite of the obvious fact that they couldn't do the defense job alone.

Another large area of weakness in the program has to do with priorities. President Roosevelt was curiously slow in realizing the enormous importance of setting up a priorities authority with complete power to act. When it was finally created, it was staffed largely with dollar-a-year men whose ideas were tangential to the interest of the country as a whole. They wanted to use priorities to cut down drastically on consumers' goods, not where such reduction was really desirable in the well rounded view, but where it would release needed raw materials and enable the producers of those materials to fill their war contracts *without expanding their plants*. Even today there is too much of this still going on. The priorities men are too tough in certain instances, and not tough enough in others. They have hardly even faced the problem of seeing to it that needed raw materials appear at every factory making war supplies, at the right times and in the right amounts. They have also been incredibly slow. Not until February 20 were the priorities committees chosen for such important commodities as rubber and, jointly, hides, skins and leather.

Back of all this, of course, is the comparative complacence of the country as a whole. If public opinion would get tough enough with Congress and the President, these in turn would get tough with the army and navy bureaucrats and the dollar-a-year darlings. The country is gradually becoming aroused to its peril, but its pace is still very slow. I wish it would hurry.

BRUCE BLIVEN

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Card-Cataloguing Our Brains

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT is now well advanced in the task of preparing an analytical punch-card index of the special skills of a half-million of America's most highly trained citizens. This project is officially called the National Roster of Scientific and Specialized Personnel. The Roster is administered as a semi-independent governmental agency directed jointly by the National Resources Planning Board and the United States Civil Service Commission.

Basically, the procedure employed in constructing the Roster has been to send an unusually comprehensive questionnaire to the highly trained individuals of the country. Accompanying the general questionnaire is a "technical checklist." These checklists have so far been developed in about forty specialized fields. They cover a whole range of disciplines in the social sciences and humanities, as well as in the natural sciences, from the A of astronomy to the Z of zoölogy. Not all of them have as yet been mailed. In general, specialists in the field of the humanities and the social sciences have not received their questionnaires.

As soon as a scientist or other specialist fills out his questionnaire and selects the five fields in which he believes himself to be most competent, he returns the material to the Washington office of the Roster. In this office the qualitative information on the questionnaire is "coded," that is, reduced to numerical form. The numerical code data concerning each individual are then punched on the five eighty-column punch-cards allotted to each individual. The technical procedure by means of which the individual's name and many of his qualitative characteristics are reduced to unequivocal numbers has involved the development by the staff of the Roster of a large series of code sheets. Thus, for example, the geographical regions outside of America with which a scientist may have intimate acquaintance are reduced to a series of three numbers. In order to do this the 999 most important geographical areas of the world had to be decided upon in advance. Scientists who have had intimate acquaintance with, for example, Tristan de Cunha Island or Mozambique, can be selected instantly. Wherever the information is similar to that previously asked for in any government census or survey every effort has been made to use the same code numbers previously used. Thus the organic chemist who indicates that his field of specialization involves the manipulation of plastics will be assigned a number which relates his work as immediately as possible to the already existing occupational code now used by the government agencies' organic chemists.

Work leading to the development of the National Roster began in August, 1940. At that time it became obvious that as the rearmament program gained momentum, a list of America's highly trained brains would be most useful. Even in its incomplete state it has provided defense agencies with names of individuals of very special abilities.

It is recognized that no matter how completely the qualitative information on the questionnaires may be reduced to numerical form and entered upon punch-cards, there will still be items which must require the evaluation of experts if individuals are to be selected from the Roster for specialized work. In a good many fields committees have been organized which evaluate the list of names provided by the electrical selecting procedures of the punch-card machines. The members of the evaluating committee read over the bibliographies, references, etc., of the individuals before them and then make a final selection of those who will be queried concerning their willingness to serve the government in some special function.

From the first the National Resources Planning Board has emphasized its interest in the Roster as a conservation device. The indiscriminate use of highly trained British scientists in combat services in the last war has served as a warning to all other nations. It was also clear to the Board that everything should be done by the government to recruit personnel for new agencies from individuals who could best be spared from their present occupations. The disruption of active research teams and well functioning educational departments by the creation of new agencies can be held to a minimum through the aid of the Roster, which makes available other equally well trained individuals otherwise unknown.

More than two hundred officers and leading members of the national societies of physicists, bacteriologists, linguists and other specialized workers have coöperated in the development of the technical checklists and in providing mailing lists of specialists. Every effort has been made by proper publicity to emphasize the fact that in order to be included in the Roster a man does not need to belong to any of the learned societies which represent his field. More than 40,000 chemists who do not belong to any national chemical society have been sent questionnaires. Any highly trained man or woman—for the Roster includes women in complete equality with men—can obtain a questionnaire and the appropriate technical checklist by applying to the office of the National Roster of Scientific and Specialized Personnel in Washington

The only partial analogy of the National Roster in a democratic nation is the British register of scientific workers administered by the Royal Society. The British register, however, differs from the American Roster in several ways. Its scope is narrower, as it applies only to

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the physical and biological sciences, and the filling out of a questionnaire in England was a definite act of volunteering for national service. The function of the American Roster is limited wholly to the provision of information.

The Roster is a defense project and serves the defense agencies of the country, but the question is now asked whether it should be maintained and enlarged after the emergency. For years the United States Civil Service Commission has found it difficult to recruit personnel for highly specialized governmental positions. By the use of the National Roster it would be possible for the government to send notice of examinations to a necessarily limited group of individuals who have the high educational qualifications needed. In order to make listing absolutely democratic, the Roster's existence could be advertised in post offices and other appropriate places throughout the nation as Civil Service examinations now are.

It has been further suggested that as plans are matured for the continuation of the Roster, it may be well to have graduate students, and indeed undergraduate students in the sciences and engineering in all of our colleges and universities, fill out questionnaires at the time of graduation. Thus each year a new group of specialists would be enrolled in the national list of experts. Plans have already been made to keep the Roster up to date. Many young university graduates and college teachers have long felt that their special qualifications were not available to the administrators of other teaching or research institutions seeking new faculty or staff members. At the present time, due to the confidential nature of its listings, the facilities of the Roster cannot be used by universities, but there seems no reason why the Roster should not develop into a central pool from which university faculties and industrial-research staff members could be effectively recruited.

A few individuals have criticized the Roster because it seems to them just one more extension of the national government. Actually, a list of the sort that is now being developed will assist each highly trained individual in America in expressing his individuality and can in no way restrict his initiative. Individual self-expression is not aided by ignorance. If a position exists for which a highly trained scientist is specially prepared but about which he does not know, the Roster can be of great use to him. Its successful development seems to be one of the factors which demonstrate the thesis that a social order, in order to remain democratic, need not be inefficient.

LEONARD CARMICHAEL

Catechism on China

THE SITUATION in the China war is complex and rapidly changing. Perhaps the simplest way to discuss the chief points briefly is in the form of a short Chinese catechism.

Who Is Going to Win the Sino-Japanese War? – China *is* winning the war. Japan has been constantly suing for peace on terms progressively more favorable to China; China's military position has never been so secure as it is today; and Japan has actually retreated from a number of her advance posts. Yet, in the face of Chinese success, the question whether China *will* win the war is more uncertain than it was a year ago when her military position was less secure. A country not yet unified may find success more disturbing to internal unity than defeat. China is faced today with an appeasement faction made up not of ghost propagandists or of retired officials but of highly placed government leaders. She is faced with a rift between the Kuomintang, China's only legal party, and the armies of the once-Communist guerillas. Supplies have at no time gone to the Communist armies in any just proportion. Pronunciamentos of Kuomintang issue have urged relentless struggle against the Communist guerillas. Capital, urgently needed for a war economy, has been sent abroad by some of the very men whose duty was to keep it in China. Food and clothing have become the playthings of profiteers intent on cornering and storing away—for their own profit—necessities as vital to China's economic strength as to her military power. Yet China has faced these threats to internal unity, not for a few weeks or months, but for four years. The will of the appeasement faction has not once become government policy. Major Communist-Kuomintang difficulties during the summer of 1940 were successfully patched up, though they have broken out again. The Chinese people, fully aware of the handicaps under which they have had to fight, have resisted internal disunion and invasion with unchanging determination. China is winning. Unless China wills her own defeat, she is going to win.

What Is the Significance of the Dispute between Chiang Kai-shek and the Communists? – No one in China would question the ability of the Fourth Route Army which Chiang recently disbanded, or deny the key importance of its supply-disrupting warfare against Japanese troops in the lower Yang-tze Valley. Its suppression comes not as a sudden crisis but as another phase of Kuomintang-Communist differences, and Chiang appears not as a party to the fundamental dispute but as a trouble-shooter trying to patch up diffi-

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culties of someone's else making. Since the Sian kidnaping of 1936, the national armies under Chiang have fought Japan. The Kuomintang, as fearful of Chinese communism as of Japanese imperialism, has unceasingly fought underground political battles against military allies. In the summer of 1940 actual shooting occurred in Shensi between Communist Eighth Route guerillas and soldiers of Yen Hsi-shan. Differences at that time were settled by the pressure of the younger officers of Chiang's armies. The significance of today's phase of this battle depends on how successfully China's forces for unity can restore at least a semblance of cooperation. Certain American newspapers, apparently having learned only recently that Free China is not in complete unity, are inclined to be gloomy. It is noteworthy that the Japanese are not yet jubilant, a fact that Konoye's January 28 speech underlines.

What Are the Present Social Ideals of the Kuomintang?—"Now we are fighting Japan; later we can think about the Kuomintang." I heard this comment the first day I was in China; today, after more than two years, I have yet to hear a good word for the Kuomintang's social ideals. Sage evaluations of the Kuomintang's past have led either to silence as to its present or else to quiet but firm disapproval. The Kuomintang notion of government is of the from-the-top variety, and in practice the party is skilled in extracting wealth from the bottom. Practically every literate individual in China—and a good many illiterates besides—knows the names of the Kuomintang officials, high and low, who have used the war in the way they used the peace that preceded it—to stuff pocketbooks already well lined. The Chinese make a great distinction between the Kuomintang and Chiang Kai-shek, about whom there is not even the suspicion of selfish interest. Chiang, although surrounded and at times advised by groups of an almost fascist nature, is trying to unify China; the Kuomintang is trying to garner more wealth and to strengthen itself against a day of judgment.

What Is the Attitude of Chinese Students Today?—Chinese students are convinced that they have a mission. They even have something of a messiah complex. Their deepest convictions are nationalistic; they want China to be able to hold her head up in a world in which science and armed strength determine a country's prestige. The war and the Generalissimo: these two, almost all students are assured, will make China a first-rate power. At this point, student opinion splits into three groups—Kuomintang, anti-Kuomintang, and neutral pro-democratic: a division which parallels fairly closely general opinion throughout educated groups in China. (The term "communist," it should be noted, is applied loosely to almost all anti-Kuomintang students; but even such students as think of themselves as communists are usually not seriously concerned either with Marxian reason or with Soviet practice.) One Kuomintang group has official sanction, but in spite of government pressure, which late in 1939 led to the dissolution of non-Kuomintang student organizations, the strength of the other groups has not been sapped.

Is There Any Chance That Stalin Will Sell Out China and Make a Deal with Japan?—The possibility of the Soviet Union's selling out China is about as remote as that of a fight promoter poisoning his star heavyweight. Russia is only too glad to have somebody other than herself in the ring, and doubtless considers shipments of war materials a small return for China's taking on an opponent that she has feared she would have to take on herself. Never in China have I heard the concern over Sino-Russian relations that I have heard in America. At any given moment one can prove almost anything one wants about the position of the Soviet Union in the Far East. Nobody knows how much aid Russia is sending China; nobody knows whether the proposed route through Vladivostok will open; nobody knows what Sino-Soviet relations are in the tremendous, forbidden stretches of Sinkiang. But the Chinese are keenly aware of the frequent visits of the Russian ambassador to the Wai Chiao P'u, the foreign office in Chungking. Those visits are neatly timed to coincide with reports of Soviet-Japanese friendship. They have been going on for years. The Chinese remain confident. Communist leaders have been quoted as saying that even a Russo-Japanese non-aggression pact would not interfere with Russian aid to China. There is probably more chance of China's selling out Russia than vice versa, more chance of the Kuomintang forcing a civil war that would leave Russia without her Far Eastern no-war insurance—China.

What Is the Opinion in Free China Regarding the Possibility of Internal Collapse in Japan?—The Chinese are sanguine, but they haven't set the date. Restrictions on food, fuel, electricity, gasoline and clothing in Japan receive wide publicity in Free China newspapers; and prominent attention is given to the figures of the Japanese budget. It will take time to upset the Japanese economy, the Chinese agree, but they emphasize that its rigidity makes it peculiarly vulnerable to long continued expense, at least in comparison with their own economy. If the Japanese economy can be described as post-capitalist, the Chinese can as aptly be described as pre-capitalist. Chinese military activity concentrates more on making the war costly to Japan than on actually driving Japan out of China: supply seizures, strict regulations for economic non-coöperation in penetrated territories, mobile warfare of a sort to drain enemy personnel and equipment but not to drive back the front. Informed Chinese believe that Japan can be driven back only with greater foreign assistance than is now being received; but they

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believe that China can hold out for as many years as it takes to force Japan to the brink of national disaster.

How Accurate Are Certain Newspaper Prophecies of an Imminent Internal Collapse in China?—Roving newspaper correspondents should remember not to judge China according to Western standards of wartime economy, for in so doing they repeat the mistakes of the Japanese, who at one time considered China a three-months' pushover. At any time since the war started, or for that matter at any time since the West first had acquaintance with China, a survey of China's economics would have led almost any Westerner to argue the impossibility of Chinese resistance to a modern war machine. Yet China holds—under these conditions—this war's resistance record. She has fought almost four years. This is the miracle. The miracle is not the profiteering by highly placed officials, not the commodity-cornering maneuvers of local generals and richer gentry, not the failure to finance and expand heavier industry. Chinese and foreigners alike have been surprised by the ability of the government to finance and construct roads and railroads in record time, to maintain uninterrupted educational facilities, to move factory equipment beyond Japanese control, to promote an efficient system of industrial coöperatives, and not only to rebuild Chungking in the suburbs but to chisel and blast—in the space of months, not years—a system of bombproof dugouts with space for every individual in the city and for vital supplies. It should be observed that price increases have not yet meant widespread deprivation for any except the professional classes; real wages have increased in proportion to increases in the price of rice. China is fighting the war on her own guerilla terms.

HERRYMON MAURER

Reflections on a Harsh Age

PERHAPS, in these roaring days, reflections of any sort are a luxury. The big questions are programmatic. As Harold Laski has put it, where do we go from here? And the answer eludes us. That may be a good reason, if reason I must have, for pausing in this harsh age for the irrelevancy of reflection. I hope that the Committee to Defend America and equally the America First Committee will wink at my dereliction. After all, even Dorothy Thompson can turn aside from her daily urgencies to write a column on An American Love Story. And I have noted, when I talk with someone from whom I differ profoundly on the question of where we go from here, that I also differ from him profoundly on the questions of how we got here, and what the landscape of "here" is like.

That it is a bleak landscape there will be general consent. But what is the special quality of its bleakness? And what is there to be learned, if anything, from our recent experiences about the social animal we call man?

First, and amazingly, that the animal is a far tougher and a far more variable animal than we had ever reckoned for. I don't pretend to know what historians and psychologists a century from now will say about our present age and its place in the human span, but I'll gamble we shall not be ignored. What the Spaniards, the Czechs, the Poles, the Norwegians, the English, the Greeks have suffered and done is not without importance in an estimate of one whom Shakespeare regarded as a "forked radish with a head fantastically carved." There is, of course, another column to the ledger; and if we were not prepared for the indestructible heroism of Bristol housewives and Spanish workers and Greek peasants, neither were we prepared for the ungentle lengths to which men could go in the systematic destruction of their fellow creatures. And yet, striking a trial balance, we are still in the black. Adam Smith once said that there was a vast deal of ruin in a nation. As we watch cultures dislocated, sensitive artists transplanted but picking up their skills where the rough hands of the Nazis had interrupted them, we must conclude that there is a vast deal of ruin in the individual as well. All in all, the human ambit has been stretched, and that is, I think, good for the species, whatever its hardship for the single life.

I do not mean to glorify my fellows. There are many unlovely things we have been learning about ourselves, even on this side of the Nazi fence. The one that seems to hurt most is that there is less of human sympathy in us than we had counted on. At the outbreak of the war we were predicting that the one thing Americans would not tolerate would be the systematic bombing of London civilians; and that two weeks after it happened would find us at war. In the light of Guernica, Nanking, the Jews of central Europe, we should have known better.

The experts tell us that what happens in an age of great suffering is that our sense of horror and sympathy is stretched too taut, until finally it snaps and goes dead. The moralists, among whom I count notably the Mumford-MacLeish school, tell us that our moral faculties have atrophied because we have been worshiping the false gods of materialism and creature comforts. Both may be right.

Yet I prefer a different view of the matter. I think we have come to the end of the era of the man of sensibility, as Richardson, Sterne and Rousseau in the eighteenth century and Dickens and Mrs. Stowe in the nineteenth depicted him. Parson Sterne weeping over

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his prostrate donkey is as dead as Adam Smith squeezing the state out of his universe. The new hero in our literature is not the man of sensibility, or even the desperately translated version of him in the proletarian protagonist who feels for the injustices of his fellows. He is rather the man of an almost metaphysical intensity of spirit, such as Malraux achieved in "Man's Fate" and Hemingway, I think, aimed at in "For Whom the Bell Tolls." He is more stoic than he is collectivist, though he has something of each. Most of all, he is fanatic, in the sense that he holds to an unshaken belief. But the important thing is that he is moved not by humanitarian impulses but by an inner passion. Actually, the Mumford-MacLeish group have themselves, for all their recoil from Nazi barbarities, come away far from the humanitarian tradition. Their moral values end by being absolutes, worth while because they are worth while, and not because of any human frame of reference or any operational truth. They have in the end a good deal of the fanatic. Which may be just as well, since the future belongs to the fanatics.

I find myself uneasy at this development. There was nothing wrong with humanitarianism except that it outstripped itself. It promised more than it could fulfill. Browning told his age that a man's reach should exceed his grasp. But when the distance between them becomes too great, and the man is jumping over a chasm, the result is not likely to evoke enthusiasm. A society that arouses in a nation a sense of injustice and a passion for equality, must also organize the national will to erase the one and achieve the other. A society that encourages a sense of world brotherhood before it is willing to construct an international sovereignty is also headed for disillusion. What was at fault then was not the extent of our humanity but the defect of our social will and organization. And the remedy is not to recoil from social sensibility, but to steel our collective will.

That is what has plunged so many of our thinkers into a Spenglerian gloom. It is not just that the efforts and dreams of the centuries of the great hope lie shattered like rubble. What ails us is that those centuries secularized our belief, shook us loose from the submission to blind forces, gave us the sense that society is a contrivance not of nature but of art, and that history can be fashioned by collective human effort. But with that sense has come the frustration of seeing the men in power unwilling or unable to mold history to the shape of our desires. And so, as we gaze at our world and compare it with the world we might have shaped but could not, our hearts and wills sink. It is the sense of falling short which, more than anything else, numbs the spirit.

This numbing of the spirit takes several forms—the indifference of those who have given up the fight, the myopia of those who feel there is nothing to choose between the contestants, the absolutism of those who want to perfect their world before they think it worth fighting for, the provincialism of those who believe that America would be out of her depth in any attempt to help in the organization of world peace and world order. These are the categories of numbness: fill in for yourselves the blanks where the names belong.

I do not blame these people: they may be right or wrong. I am writing reflections, not drawing up an indictment. I say merely that if they are right, we are sunk. For myself, I see no way of our surviving the harsh age except by further collective social effort—more dynamic than before, more sophisticated, determined to promise less and fulfill more.

I do not say we shall accomplish this. It is quite possible we shall not. But the path lies open for us. I recognize no inevitabilities that close it. Despite the current fervor in rejecting Marxian thought, the core of it is still useful: that men, working together to transform their social conditions, transform themselves in the process. The role of inevitability in Marxian thought has always been overplayed, as a convenient and useful myth. Marxism is a philosophy of social will in a context of maturing social forces. And here it fuses with the best elements of progressivism.

The immediate future is dark. The war will get worse before it gets better. It will, however, eventually be fought out and decided in three media: in the air, with engines of destruction; on the assembly lines, in making those engines; in men's minds, while enduring the extremes of destruction and suffering. If we are able, by planning our war industries, to help England capture control of the air, and by our morale to tip the scale of world prestige against fascism, then the long-run prospect brightens.

I have said above that the future belongs to the fanatics. The word is an unpleasant one, but let me illustrate. There are people today who say democracy is not worth defending unless it proves itself in action and not merely in words. In fact, that is an attitude so common as to tie together people as diverse as Robert M. Hutchins, Archibald MacLeish, Harold Laski, Norman Thomas. I have myself at times joined in the chorus. And yet it is really a bit meaningless. Democracy is worth defending because of our complete belief that by and large it offers human beings the only conditions on which life is tolerable. "Democracy in action" does not mean that we must wait passively to be shown a final thing of beauty before we stir ourselves. We may sit around sullenly, demanding from our society either guarantees or finalities before we act to transform it. But if we do, we shall find that our inaction has itself left the field open for those who do not share our paralyzing scruples.

The essence of democracy in action is the principle that if minorities obstruct the majority will, the majority moves on despite them. And the proof of this principle is up to the majority, whether in a harsh age or any other.

MAX LERNER

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Washington Notes

Kimono-Clad Appeasement

THE ADMINISTRATION, as yet, has no clear policy toward Japan. The Far Eastern appeasers here consist of two groups, which have utterly different motives. One is composed of the same conglomeration of isolationists and extreme radicals who also oppose our intervention in Europe. But they are joined by sincere New Dealers who want to aid Britain and who fear, if this country slides into a war in the Far East, our production of munitions for England will be fatally affected.

The strict isolationists and their assorted hangers-on have virtually ceased to have political weight in Washington. The deciding force in our Far Eastern policy, accordingly, is being exerted by what might be called appeasers by compulsion—by men who believe that the European crisis forces us to remain passive in the Orient. This position at bottom necessarily rests on a technical military and naval judgment about the fighting capabilities of the Japanese and the effort required to resist their present southward push.

When you try to inquire into the validity of this technical military judgment, you run into a morass. The real difficulty, as nearly as I can determine, is that the official advisers of the President on the navy's General Board cannot make up their minds whether Japan is formidable, or a set-up. The predominant opinion of the admirals in Washington seems to be that a war with Japan might easily be long, exhausting and uncertain in outcome. On the other hand, a growing body of highly placed naval officers—some of them now on duty with the fleet at Hawaii—look on Japan as highly vulnerable. Until the administration knows whether the navy is prepared to fight, and, if it fights, what it will need, no Far Eastern policy is possible.

The naval officers who think Japan is vulnerable—according to reports of their arguments—contemplate only a defensive war in which we would act in conjunction with England and the Dutch East Indies. Our part in such a conflict would be to raid Japanese commerce and harass Japan's communications with South China and French Indo-China. This in itself, in these experts' opinion, would bring the Japanese to a quick halt. As long as our fleet remained at Pearl Harbor, the main Japanese fleet would not leave its home waters. And if our submarines and far-ranging cruisers showed sufficient determination and boldness, Japan's new advanced positions at Saigon and Cam Ranh Bay would become difficult. This strategy is coupled with talk of long-range bombing attacks on the Japanese islands from fleet carriers, and increased technical aid for Chiang Kai-shek.

Apparently the division of naval opinion that exists in this country is duplicated in Japan. American officers with professional friendships with the Japanese say that the oldest, strongest tenet of Japan's navy, after devotion to the Mikado's person, has been that Japan must never fight a major naval power. Japan is an island nation, and, if her navy were ever defeated, she would be finished as an international political force. American officers say that the new Japanese ambassador, Admiral Nomura, faithfully represents this tradition. Only his conviction that the Japanese navy, the ultimate upholder of the Mikado's prestige, must be protected against risk, induced him to undertake his mission to Washington.

If expert opinion here can be relied on, it must be said that the prospect of avoiding conflict in the Orient does not seem bright. Naval officers, at least, do not agree with the commonly expressed judgment that Japan will not move farther southwards unless, and until, Hitler strikes at England. As long as Japan seemed to be chiefly preoccupied with Chiang Kai-shek—which was the case when Japanese troops first moved along the northern border of Indo-China—the situation was not truly explosive. But the present advance on the French naval base at Cam Ranh Bay has nothing to do with China; it is an openly aggressive step aimed at Singapore. The Japanese are bound to consolidate their position at Cam Ranh; they dare not do otherwise. But equally the British at Singapore and the Dutch East Indies officials dare not delay taking counter measures. The Japanese are now caught in a remorselessly moving chain of events that they themselves set in motion. Experts here think that the older Japanese naval officers—the group represented by Admiral Nomura—will be helplessly swept with the tide. And they foresee that the admirals in our own Navy Department who now counsel prudence will be similarly unable to keep us from being drawn to the side of the English and Dutch.

The reported difficulties of Housing Coördinator C. F. Palmer in procuring trailers as temporary homes for construction workers give an insight into the business attitude toward defense. Mr. Palmer allotted some $6,000,000 for 1,500 trailers—these figures are expected soon to be doubled and tripled—and was promptly faced with what must be the stiffest ultimatum any industry has yet given the government. The trailer business is just now undergoing a pleasant boom. Superintendents, engineers, the well paid top personnel on isolated defense construction jobs have been buying trailers for several months now with gratifying eagerness. The chief trailer manufacturers have increased and strengthened their dealer organizations. They calmly asked that the government do nothing to injure their present profitable sales. They demanded that the Defense Housing Division pledge itself to furnish trailers only to direct federal workers; the sale of trailers to workers employed by government-contract holders is to remain with their dealers. The government must also promise not to resell the trailers it buys after a particular construction job is finished; there must be no cut-rate, second-hand trailers on which neither manufacturers nor dealers receive profits. Although no public announcement has been made, it is understood that the Defense Housing Commission is ready to agree to these conditions, and that this otherwise imaginative experiment in modern housing is now going forward.

The New Dealers of the administration gained a substantial, if little-noticed, victory in the appointment of Mr. Mathias Correa as federal district attorney in New York City. This post was a test of the influence of Democratic Chairman Ed Flynn. Had a nominee of his received it, it would be a signal that his bid for power in the Democratic

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Party was succeeding. Mr. Correa, a protégé of the retiring district attorney, Mr. Cahill, is a tested New Dealer, and his appointment shows that Mr. Flynn is being kept in his place.

Washington T. R. B.

America's Lost Plays

THE NEW VOLUME of plays by Charles H. Hoyt[1] makes the ninth out of a series of twenty volumes that the Princeton University Press will devote to forgotten or inaccessible plays more or less important in the history of America drama. The notably inclusive lists of plays, the work of some forty-odd playwrights, are being thus rescued from chance and oblivion. They will supply material all along the line of our theatre history from the Revolution on, almost in fact to our own day.

Under the general editorship of Mr. Barrett Clark, the volumes have been prepared by the various scholars assigned them. The first—six of Dion Boucicault's plays: "Flying Scud," "Robert Emmet," etc.—was edited by Mr. Allardyce Nicoll and Mr. F. Theodore Cloak. The William Dunlap volume is edited by Mr. Oral S. Coad; the George Henry Boker, by Mr. Sculley Bradley; the miscellany of plays by J. J. McCloskey, Lester Wallack, Frank Murdoch, G. H. Jessop and Leonard Grover, by the late Isaac Goldberg and Mr. Hubert Heffner; volumes V and VI, both devoted to John Howard Payne's work—such plays, for example, as "The Two Sons-in-Law," "Mazeppa," "The Spanish Husband," "Woman's Revenge" and "Romulus"—by Mr. Codman Hislop and Mr. W. R. Richardson; and James A. Herne, Volume VII, by Mr. Arthur Hobson Quinn. Mr. Garrett H. Leverton is the editor of one of the most interesting of the entire series. Volume VIII, Recent Melodramas, revives some of the old theatre echoes with "The Great Diamond Robbery" (Edward M. Alfriend and A. C. Wheeler), "No Mother to Guide Her" (Lilian Mortimer), "Billy the Kid" (Walter Woods); Charles A. Taylor's "From Rags to Riches"; and Clarence Bennett's "A Royal Slave."

The scheme followed in this latest volume is that generally adopted for the series. The Introduction provides a brief account of Hoyt's career, from his birth in Concord, New Hampshire, in 1859, till his death toward the end of 1900. To the playwright's theatre history is added the historical venture, no less, of tracking down his plays, some published in five copies only, some to be found here and there in prompt-books that are full of variants and present at times different characters, not to say songs and elaborations in stage business. "A Trip to Chinatown," for instance, was supplied by a San Francisco gentleman, with the assurance that that was absolutely the script used when he himself had acted in the play. Meantime Hoyt's will had made a provision for the typing and binding of five sets of his plays to be distributed according to his directions. There was so great a difference between this copy and the bound volume in the New York Public Library that the editor felt constrained to publish the entire last act of both versions. The only play by Hoyt ever to be published hitherto is "A Texas Steer," in Montrose Moses' "Representative American Dramas, National and Local."

The method, we are told, that Hoyt followed makes perfectly good sense by the theatrical lexicon; it was the familiar combination of sloppiness and careful theatre craft. In his case it meant a vast amount of pains taken: making notes on odds and ends of paper, witty thoughts of his own, things heard, strange names and characters, for later use. During rehearsals he made constant revisions; he traveled with the road tour, watching the play night after night from the audience, noting the reactions, and so on, until sometimes almost a year passed before he would allow the play to open in New York.

This project of the Princeton Press for twenty volumes of America's lost plays tends to fill a great gap in the field of our theatre research. The collecting of the material was done with the aid of the Rockefeller Foundation, under the auspices of the Dramatists' Guild of the Authors' League of America. STARK YOUNG

[1] Five Plays by Charles H. Hoyt. Edited by Douglas L. Hunt. Princeton University Press. 255 pages. $5.

Not All to the Good

I WISH Alfred Hitchcock would stick to doing the thing he does better than anybody in the world. "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," the new Hitchcock film, is American farce comedy and made for nothing but laughs. When comedy was incidental to his story, Hitchcock did well enough with it always; but this time he goes heavy on us, he tries very hard and throws things about. The laughs will be there for some, though they are about as subtle as Moxie billboards, and I doubt that in general your interest or amusement will last as long as the picture.

The story is arch enough to be annoying. You can't have people trying to sleep together unless they are married, so there has to be a wrinkle, and in this case the wrinkle is that Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery find that the marriage they have been enjoying moderately is void through a legal technicality. Well the boy fools around about that and the girl locks him out, how could he want to do anything so perfectly *nasty*, and the balance of the picture is taken up with the boy trying to get back in, first by bullying, then by pleading, then by stealth. Gene Raymond—in a metamorphosis of both make-up and personality that makes him even agreeable—starts out as his loyal partner but is soon trying to beat his time as the wedge of a triangle, and that must be taken care of too. There are incidental characters. But the emphasis is steadily on the main business, which is not only too loud but faintly repugnant in its occasional leer and innuendo. To be spicy today, Hollywood has to suggest the familiar spectacle of the offensive little model boy of the neighborhood, looking at French postcards behind the barn.

The trouble with "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" is central, and I'm afraid that in all such artificial obstacle races they're licked before they start. The cast is good; at times and in flashes brilliant. There are several funny situations that grow naturally, for instance Mr. Raymond as the perfect gentleman and woefully tight, Charles Halton as the apologetic bringer of bad tidings, Jack Carson in the Turkish bath, the shocking of the home folks, etc. If, like some 50 percent of the ladies in the movie audience, you could man-

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age only had to glance at the screen from time to time while keeping up the more important business of talking about something else, I suppose you could miss most of the plot and have some patches of fun as well.

"Personal Column" is another of the hundred and one absolutely last films to be made in France, as France. Its most noteworthy point is that in it Maurice Chevalier gets tied up in a murder plot, and in the latter stretches plays a straight part—quite nicely too (one of his songs is pretty awful, but the number about "Il pleurait" is terrific). There's a pretty gal in it, Marie Dea, who is employed by the police to answer the newspaper ads a sexual assassin is using to get ladies for his purposes. Some of the business is exciting at times, and frequently it is funny in an open, easy way, well removed from the not-quite-nice-Nellyism of "Mr. and Mrs. Smith." But as a whole it is choppy, confused and low-pressure; and you could only think it was made like a movie if you had never seen one.

Two-on-the-Same-Screen Department. – As to the double bill leading off with "Flight Command," you had better arrange to see the second feature first. It is "Haunted Honeymoon," made unpretentiously but neatly from one of the better Dorothy Sayers mysteries, and involving Robert Montgomery and Constance Cummings as a honeymoon couple who have (respectively) sworn off the detection of and writing about crime. So naturally they run smack into a murder, and then get naturally into harness to solve the same old insoluble in a casual, easy manner. The mood of the thing is rather gay and murder is little more than the absorption of fitting together a well devised puzzle, and on the whole you get the feeling that they are better off breaking in a marriage in this fashion and with this supporting cast than they would be playing *qu'est-ce que tu as que je n'en ai pas.* This one is all right.

"Flight Command" is the old service story, but at its worst. The regulars don't like the new pilot because he is a rookie, not because he is Robert Taylor, and won't even *speak* to him except insults; and on top of that he is suspected of playing twosey with the Old Man's wife—which, being Robert Taylor, he wouldn't ever. Then presently he is a hero, but after two hours, and now they are all buddies and thick as molasses down in good old Coca Sola with its good old distance from where any of us are sitting. For this one you may wish to stay and watch the really fine sequences establishing the whole dangerous and exciting business of plane maneuver, one of the best of which has a modern carrier sending her roaring brood of chicks off into the wind and away in formations. You may, but it's your own risk. OTIS FERGUSON

Call-It-Anything-Else Department. – The trouble with MGM's "This Thing Called Love" is that they've tried to make a whole picture out of a story, by George Seaton, Ken England and P. J. Wolfson, that has only enough substance for a fifteen-minute comedy sequence—a modern career-bride with a Plan: three platonic months in which she and her husband test their compatability. It goes something like this: first man chases girl, using champagne, soft music and lights to change her mind, then girl, having changed her own mind, chases man (same props), then after mutual misunderstandings are cleared up, they catch each other. It runs along at a fairly fast clip with one scene slipping smoothly into another, but it goes on too long and you'll probably make several false starts for the exit. There are plenty of bids for laughs, too many in fact, as if everyone connected in any capacity with the picture had been asked to contribute his favorite bit of humor. Some intelligent selection and cutting would have helped, since too few of the gags are really funny, being mostly of the suggestive (just sneaking past the Hays office) kind or general-deception-and-confusion type. A little statuette of the Mexican goddess of fertility is responsible for some good business, and an attack of poison oak is funny but only because Melvyn Douglas has it and is so natural and right in the unsuspecting scratching style. Actually Melvyn Douglas, Rosalind Russell, Binnie Barnes and Allyn Joslin are all so easy and believable in their handling of lines and situations that they succeed in lulling you into the belief that you are amused, but it seems a shame to waste four such polished players on a flimsy like this. M. B.

The Bandwagon

General headquarters announced today that henceforth the names of all killed, wounded and missing in the war would be published only in the War Ministry weekly, the Forze Armate, and would be kept out of the daily press.

It was said the change had been made to avoid misspelled names or omissions "unavoidable when all papers publish lists comprising thousands of names."—*UP dispatch from Rome in The New York Times.*

Willkie's highly advertised appearance [before the Senate Committee] drew a crowd that would do credit to a respectable murder trial or a circus.—*From The Chicago Tribune.*

Some of the more reactionary rancher employers of the migrants have expressed the opinion that the children of these camps are getting too much education and will be unfitted for work in the fields when they grow up.—*From The Pasadena Star-News.*

A vicar carries the sacramental vessels from his church in England on a recent Sunday after the church was hit by a Nazi bomb during services. A hit shattered the windows and tumbled down bricks and mortar. Only the vicar's wife was injured.—*Caption on a picture in The New York Daily News.*

What's in a Name?

Has your order been taken for Don Freeman's NEWSSTAND . . . the most personal, the most human, the most unique quarterly magazine ever published? . . . This unique collector's item will not be sold on newsstands.—*From a leaflet advertising Newsstand.*

In-Vino-Veritas Department

"Sometimes I wonder whether I am more American than Japanese," said Matsuoka, who was educated at an American university, "but I have found by studying my reflexes while under the influence of alcohol that I am a Japanese at heart. I can't think clearly in any language but Japanese at those times."—*UP dispatch to The Omaha World-Herald.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping.—THE EDITORS

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Correspondence

Add Federal Union

SIR: Supplementing Mr. Leiper's advocacy of union with Great Britain (The New Republic, February 17) and aware of your objections to putting "political arrangements" ahead of simpler economic coöperation, may I suggest that the President could call for a Constitutional Convention of all those powers willing to abide by the Stimson Doctrine and the Hull policy of trade agreements? This would serve notice that we do not wish to discuss federation with totalitarian aggressors, but that we are willing to explore the possibilities of federation with the democratic nations of the world. Nations at war or threatened with aggression (it amounts to the same thing nowadays) are in a mood to give serious consideration to the compromises and commitments which would make federation easily available as the absolute guarantee of the safety of all the democratic participants.

Calling such a convention would not, of itself, commit us or anyone else to membership in the federation. The convention would have as its sole task the drafting of the federal constitution for submission to the various states for their ratification. Calling this convention would, however, serve at once to silence the demand for a statement of war aims, by making war aims subordinate to "peace aims." Such a call would renew hope not only in the subjugated peoples but within Germany and Italy also. It would give the democracies themselves something to fight for, and not merely against.

University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla. HAROLD O. EATON

Theodore Roosevelt in History

SIR: I am surprised that, in "Hamlet and the Presidency" (The New Republic, January 27), Max Lerner, for whom I have great respect, should have included Theodore Roosevelt with Jackson, Lincoln Wilson and FDR. Did not Mr. Lerner confuse the things TR said with those he accomplished? Just what democratic cause did TR champion consistently and so wholeheartedly that he won any real political advantage for the people during his presidency? As a superb champion and exponent of the strenuous life TR performed a service of great value, especially to the youth of the country. He was without doubt a progressive in more ways than one in his younger days, but history records him as far from a consistent liberal in the presidency.

After he left the presidency TR had one great chance to cement the liberals of the country in a movement that was definitely headed for success—the candidacy of La Follette for the Republican nomination—the best chance in a generation. But after first firmly encouraging La Follette, he was led to repudiate his promise in a vain effort to win a third term for himself.

Washington, D. C. CHARLES E. SEILER

SIR: I confess I included TR in my list only after some painful heart-searching. And yet I still think he belongs there. I agree with Mr. Seiler that TR's behavior with respect to La Follette's candidacy was shameful, and I notice that Matthew Josephson's recent "President Makers" bears that out in detail. TR's progressivism was that of a conservative who knew that the country would have to move forward, but wanted the pace to be minimized. Nevertheless, he did develop ideas about national power, trust busting and administrative control, as well as a conception of the presidency as a trusteeship of the people, which were to prove extremely useful to the more genuine progressives who followed him.

Williamstown, Mass. MAX LERNER

Excess-Profits Taxes

SIR: In The New Republic of February 3 a list of corporation earnings was given. In the list were ten so-called war-babies and ten from the consumers'-goods list.

The New Republic discovered that the former had enjoyed a large increase in profits whereas the latter had just about made the same amount of profit that they did the year before.

The only conclusion the New Republic drew was that the guns were doing much better than the butter. But putting the two lists together in that way suggests that profits should be limited on the war industries but not on the non-war industries.

The irony of the present excess-profits tax is that the first group won't be taxed because their profits in the past have been low; and the increase won't be taxed because it is still a fairly small return on the capital invested. The other group won't be taxed even though they may be making a large return on the capital invested because they have been making those profits right along and the profits are considered normal.

This situation is brought about by the dual basis for the tax. A corporation can elect which basis to use. One is an invested-capital basis which allows eight-percent profit without tax. The other is a tax based on the excess over the average earning of the 1936-39 period. Regardless of how high a profit is made on the capital invested during the base period, only the excess over the amount will be taxed.

Probably the fairest tax would be a straight corporation tax of about 60 percent on all profits.

Arlington, Va. CLARENCE ARMSTRONG

Blueprints for Health

SIR: T. R. Carskadon, in "Housing the Defense Worker" [The New Republic, February 3] says, ". . . prefabrication seems about to come out of the laboratory and 'model-home' stage and get a real trial in actual construction." I wish the same could be said of methods of distributing health service and medical care of high quality at costs which can be met by those who need them most. We would not think of building a destroyer or a plane according to 1900 blueprints, but that is exactly what will happen in health care if we do not watch out.

This situation calls for the testing of methods of protecting and preserving the well-being of the men in the shops and on the farms. It calls for more than a passive interest in the detection of incipient disease. It calls for programs in which money is spent by the worker as well as others. It calls for a program under which, when he is ill, the worker gets the best possible treatment for the medical dollar which he expends. It calls for physicians being encouraged to take up methods of practice which are geared to our modern world. It calls for hospitals to become places from which health is broadcast to the community rather than museums in which the failures of medical science are on view. Most of all, it calls for sane and sober experimentation.

The American Medical Association has decided that prepayment is the best method of payment for sickness expense for the economic class involved. Now let us turn our attention to devising methods for improving the quality as well as the quantity of medical care. Let us look above our pocketbooks and up and out into the lives and happiness of our people. The blueprints are available. All that is needed is the courage and backing to initiate the plans.

New York City KINGSLEY ROBERTS, M.D.

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Education in the Army

SIR: It is time your readers were coming to understand what the army is capable of in education. S. N.'s letter [The New Republic, February 17] from Fort Stevens is a case in point. It is true that he is being trained to fight for something, to defend something, and he naturally desires to know what that something is.

But the tenor of such queries reflects not on the army's refusal to inform its members that they are citizens in the service of a democracy—a quite obvious point—but sadly enough on the American school system. The high-school graduate today never had enough Whitman in literature, enough Beard in history, enough study of government to understand plain hard-and-fast democracy.

The army is a technical agency, and right now it is very much concerned with technique. It has not the time or the facilities for teaching broader subjects. It will, as advertised, educate excellent radio men, truck-transportation specialists, clerks, chefs and mechanics. It will above all teach men to subordinate themselves to the good of the greatest number, a lesson valuable both in war and peace.

I am strongly in favor of America's young men knowing for what they train. To defend something needs a readier faith than ours, needs an understanding of our groping past and improvable future. But, again, the army is a technical agency. Its ears are attuned to technical questions from every soldier. It is assumed he knows whose sword he brandishes. If he does not know, then let our schools and colleges extend their extensions —right into the army.

Camp McCoy, Wis. P. D. Q.

Apology

SIR: Private correspondence with David Daiches, growing out of my review of his "The Novel and the Modern World" in your issue of January 6, has convinced me that I exceeded the bounds of critical propriety. I refer to my statement that Mr. Daiches "really doesn't like literature." The implications of this remark are invidious; I wish to withdraw it; and thus make to Mr. Daiches this public apology.

Princeton, N. J. ALLEN TATE

No Quislings in Poland

SIR: In a discussion of war objectives [The New Republic, February 3], your correspondent, Henry G. Alsberg, resurrects the charge of "oppressed minorities" so often recklessly used in Poland's reconstruction years after the last war, without a glance at the democratic institutions maintained in Poland's long history and the accomplishments in the brief period before Hitler came. Does the arrest of Ukrainian leaders after Russian occupation of southern Poland indicate that Poland persecuted that minority? If Mr. Alsberg had the Jews in mind, Poland was the last refuge in Central Europe for that minority. Does he give credit to the vociferous German minority?

He doubts whether a livable Central European economy can be built up. He is probably unaware of the alliance between the Czecho-Slovakian and Polish governments effected recently in London, which took care of that situation.

He questions whether Poland should be recreated in her old image. This ignores the fact that Poland is still fighting on all fronts. It was her "old image" and the virtues inherent in it that enabled Poland to resist Hitler with a completeness and solidarity equaling England's. No Quislings were found, in spite of all German efforts, to supplant at home the legitimate government in exile, after the remnants of Poland's fighting forces scattered abroad. And now, of all allies, Poland is contributing most substantial aid to Britain, with the remnant of her navy, a land force of about 40,000, 800 pilots in actual service and many more in reserve.

Can there be any question as to whether Poland is to be recreated? And her future "image" can be left safely to that sequence of events in natural evolution we call historical destiny.

Baltimore, Md. ADAM S. GREGORIUS

Extra-Territoriality in China

SIR: Lin Yutang's article "China Speaks to America" [The New Republic, January 27] is interesting. Having lived in China from 1907 to 1936, I know something of the country. Most American missionaries in China would have been glad to see extra-territoriality done away with long ago, but I would like to ask Dr. Lin what effect it would have in the portions of the country occupied by the Japanese. For one thing, would it not allow the Japanese to control the International Settlements in Shanghai and Tientsin?

Pinehurst, N. C. SADA C. TOMLINSON

SIR: The question of abolition of extra-territoriality is as complicated as the present-day Shanghai situation. It cannot be treated apart from other general Sino-foreign relationships, but certain points are clear. In territories under Japanese control, the Japanese will certainly ignore it under the pretext of military rule, and after the war China will certainly abolish it. The actual application of Chinese jurisdiction is possible only in Free China. In territories under the puppet regime, the puppet authorities will naturally want to exercise jurisdiction over American nationals. But then the American government does not recognize the puppet regime, so that there would be quite a mess. The abolition of extra-territoriality must be restricted to territories under the effective jurisdiction of the Chinese government.

Los Angeles, Cal. LIN YUTANG

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Lee Shaul, New York City, thinks that Max Lerner put his finger on the weakness of all liberals in his article, "Hamlet and the Presidency" (The New Republic, January 27) when he spoke of their "Great Tradition of never being happy unless they are in the opposition." He wants a dynamic movement of all liberal, progressive, New Deal groups. . . . J. Lawrence Greene, Brooklyn, referring to our editorial paragraph about the expulsion of Clarence Hathaway from the Communist Party (The New Republic, January 20), wants us to note Mr. Hathaway's statement, as published in The New York Times: "My expulsion was due to my own personal shortcomings, which I recognize and which I hope to overcome as a preliminary to a request for readmittance."

In 1923 the Supreme Court, speaking through Mr. Justice Sutherland, ruled that Hindoos were ineligible to become naturalized citizens of the United States. Dr. Kharati Ram Samras, a native of India residing at Acampo, California, writes us that he has filed a petition for naturalization in the District Court at San Francisco as a test case which may lead to a reconsideration of the judgment. Several thousand Hindoos in the United States and, we trust, the many million Americans who express lack of sympathy with "British caste superiority" in India, will follow the progress of the case with interest.

Japan has destroyed about 90 percent of China's modern industrial plants. More than three thousand small coöperative workshops have been established as a start toward replacing them. Anyone wishing to help this work of rebuilding should send checks to Mrs. Frederick W. Longfellow, Treasurer, American Committee in Aid of Chinese Industrial Coöperatives.

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Ambassador Dodd's Diary

edited by
Martha Dodd and William E. Dodd, Jr.
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In Memory of Scott Fitzgerald: II

Certain Aspects

IT IS GRANTED that Scott Fitzgerald was not a lovable man, but most of the time he was a friendly one, and that characteristic, in a man of his professional standing, is as much as anyone can ask. I always warmed to Scott, was always glad to see him, always. But then if you saw him too long a time his intelligence, about which he was almost over-conscientious, would go to work, and he would let you bore him. He would almost encourage you to bore him. He let you go right ahead, being banal and uninteresting, and knowing how much you were embarrassed yourself by your ordinariness. At the same time he was professionally one of the most generous artists I've ever known. Dorothy Parker pointed that out to me one time when I had some reason to be irritated with Scott, and though Dorothy Parker has said many true things, she has said nothing truer than that. I guess the loneliness of his private hells was so enormous that he really would have got no great relief by sharing a little of it, in other words by letting you know him better, and so he figured to keep it all for himself. Well, that was his business and thus he kept his integrity, which I won't attempt to define, simply because everyone who knew him knew he had it.

And he kept it in death. I read the Herald Tribune obit, and I understand the Times one was just as bad. The curious hostility of those pieces may be attributed to that integrity coming through even to people who didn't know Scott, who probably hadn't even read him (I am reliably informed that the piece in Time was written by a man who until he was assigned to do the piece never had read anything of Scott's). The integrity, the aloofness, came through and annoyed some people, and so they just went ahead and wrote their angry little pieces, saving their wit and tolerance for some spectacular Bowery bum or deputy chief inspector of police.

F. Scott Fitzgerald was a *right* writer, and it's going to be a damned shame if the generation after mine (I am thirty-six) and the one after that don't get to know him. I had the good luck to read "This Side of Paradise" when it first came out, twenty years ago, and I've read it practically annually since then. He was the first novelist to make me say, "Hot dog! Some writer, I'll say." I was counter during some of the moods that come over you after you're thirty. You don't like to think of yourself, lone, wandering and lost, like Richard Diver, going from town to town in bleak upstate New York, with All That behind you.

And then a year ago Scott invited us out to his house in the San Fernando Valley for Sunday lunch. It was going to be a big thing, though a small party. He was going to have Norma Shearer and Loretta Young, and I wish I had told him that if I were choosing people to lunch with I would not pick either Norma Shearer and/or Loretta Young. Anyway, they weren't there. There were only my wife and I. The food was good and there was a lot to drink, but I was on the wagon and Scott was not. He was terribly nervous, disappearing for five and ten minutes at a time, once to get a plaid tie to give my wife because she was wearing a Glen plaid suit. Once to get a volume of Thackeray because I'd never read Thackeray, another time to get some tome about Julius Caesar which he assured me was scholarly but readable—but which he knew I would never read. Then we went out and took some pictures, and when we finished that he suddenly said, "Would you like to read what I've written, but first promise you won't tell anyone about it. Don't tell them anything. Don't tell them what it's about, or anything about the people. I'd like it better if you didn't even tell anyone I'm writing another novel." So we went back to the house and I read what he had written. He saw that I was comfortable, with pillows, cigarettes, ash trays, a coke. And sat there tortured, trying to be casual, but unhappy because he did not know that my dead pan was partly due to my being an extremely slow reader of good writing, and partly because this *was* such good writing that I was reading. When I had read it I said, "Scott, don't take any more movie jobs till you've finished this. You work so slowly and this is so good, you've got to finish it. It's real Fitzgerald." Then, of course, he became blasphemous and abusive, and asked me if I wanted to fight. I saw him a few times after that day, and once when I asked him how the book was coming he only said, "You've kept your promise? You haven't spoken to anyone about it?"

JOHN O'HARA

In Hollywood

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before, when Scott was talking to me in that same town, up in the attic of the Hanover Inn. We (I shudder even now at the incongruity) were collaborating on a moving picture of college life which we had been imported from Hollywood to write on the spot. Someone had forgotten to make accommodations for us (Scott insisted on treating this as a symbol of the writer's importance in Hollywood), and the only space available was a servant's room under the eaves with a double-deck wire bed. Scott stretched out on his back in the lower, and I in the upper, according to our rank, and we tried to ad-lib a story for the picture which a large and eager camera crew were already on hand to shoot. But the prospect of still another college musical was hardly inspiring, and soon we were comparing the Princeton of his generation with the Dartmouth of mine. I was amazed at the deadly accuracy with which he dissected a campus he had not revisited in years, and in his criticism of an educational system that tends (with certain notable exceptions) to make men conform rather than challenge established ideas I recognized much of the thinking that made "This Side of Paradise" the first and perhaps the only novel that pierces the thin, polished surface of American college life.

Scott was pleased, almost childishly pleased, that I even remembered the book. He seemed surprised that anyone should still consider "The Great Gatsby" a great novel. He was grateful to hear that there were some who found the finest writing of his career in his most recent book, "Tender Is the Night." He began to talk about himself with frightening detachment. "You know, I used to have a beautiful talent once, Baby. It used to be a wonderful feeling to know it was there, and it isn't all gone yet. I think I have enough left to stretch out over two more novels. I may have to stretch it a little thin, so maybe they won't be as good as the best things I've done. But they won't be completely bad either, because nothing I ever write can ever be completely bad." That's what I heard when my Dartmouth professor told me that Scott was gone.

Despite the twin ironies that the best book Scott wrote in the twenties had nothing to do with flaming youth, while his most profound (if not his most perfect) work appeared toward the middle of the thirties, my generation thought of F. Scott Fitzgerald as an age rather than as a writer, and when the economic stroke of 1929 began to change the sheiks and flappers into unemployed boys or underpaid girls [illegible] and a little belligerently turned their backs on Scott liked his posterity as well as the next man, but this struck his sense of comedy, especially, as he pointed out, since Miss Brush liked to consider herself one of his disciples.

Some thought he was dead. One day several years ago my producer called me in, said he was throwing out my script and putting a new writer on with me. When he told me who it was, I was dumbfounded. "F. Scott Fitzgerald," I said. "I thought he was dead." "If he is," cracked the producer, "he must be the first ghost who ever got $1,500 a week."

I thought he was dead because the era which he had exploited, and which had exploited him, was dead. When I got to know Scott better I discovered that my first reaction had not been entirely true, but neither was it entirely false. When the twenties died, something in Scott died too. But in the way nature compensates a blind man by heightening the sensitivity of his touch, Scott seemed to be developing new values to replace the ones he lost or threw away. Contrary to the critics who have been trying to give him a fast count, "Tender Is the Night" reveals a deeper understanding of human behavior than anything he had done before. And contrary to the premature mourners who had declared him intellectually dead, Scott seemed to be making a conscious, almost a desperate effort to fill the gap in his social observation that prompted Peter Munro Jack to say that a more incisive understanding of the society and times he described so well might have made him the Proust of his generation.

So Scott ends with another great waste to place beside all his other wastes. And now it seems almost too contrived that Scott should have chosen this year in which to die. For it is altogether fitting that Scott's career should begin where one world war ends and end where another begins. He spoke for a new generation that was shell-shocked without ever going to the front. He was one of our better historians of the no-man's-time between wars. He was not meant, temperamentally, to be a cynic, in the same way that beggars who must wander through the cold night were not born to freeze. But Scott made cynicism beautiful, poetic, almost an ideal. There is a line in "This Side of Paradise," published in 1921, that becomes the epitaph of a post-war generation already being metamorphosed into a pre-(new) war generation:

"I think the worst thing to contemplate is this—it's all happened before, how soon will it happen again?"

BUDD SCHULBERG JR.

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"I always say that Harvard is the most democratic institution in the country, but secretly I do not believe it." The New York girl visits Harry's family in Boston, and "I don't know why I was continually afraid that she might say the wrong thing, because she never did." When the New York man makes fun of his classmates, Harry says to himself, "I can be amused by people when they talk that way. I am even broad-minded enough to see their point of view." Shortly afterwards the New York man and Kay Pulham go to a football game together, both very carefully dressed; Harry thinks that they "looked as though they belonged on the Yale side more than our own"; that is perfect Harvard. So too is Harry's account of his own life as written for the class history.

But at times the satire is human instead of merely local. Thus, when Harry has to bring his son and his daughter home from Maine in an uncomfortably crowded automobile, "I kept telling myself that I was fond of children." And before that, when the children were watching Harry and Kay on the tennis court, one of them had said, "They still play all right." Mr. Marquand still writes novels, and purely as fiction they are all right, which is to say all wrong. As social history, they are marvelous.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Cassandra: Ambassador to the Third Reich

WILLIAM E. DODD was a historian. He belongs to that distinguished line of literary men who have represented the United States in its diplomatic relations with European courts—Franklin, Everett, Bancroft, Motley, Lowell, White, Schurman—but more than any of his predecessors his mind was formed by historical scholarship, and brought the knowledge of history to bear on the problems of contemporary international politics. Again and again in his diary[1] he estimates this or that statesman by his competence as a historian. He passes judgment on Hitler: "He knows no history."

It was as a historian that President Roosevelt sent Professor Dodd to Germany in 1933, as Dr. Beard points out, to appeal to the past, to German history, traditions, politics and the old German culture which he knew from student days in Leipzig, where he took his doctor's degree in 1900. In view of the result, a melancholy reflection arises as to the futility of history, the appeal to the past, as a guide to experience in a world in which reason is increasingly disowned.

It was as a historian, a collector of the raw material, that Professor Dodd wrote his diary. There clearly emerges his intention to give a faithful account of events and the actors in them as they appeared to him from his close-up point of view. His immediate diplomatic objectives, such as the adjustment of German debts to the United States, the improvement of trade, the mitigation of persecution of the Jews, gave opportunities for extended conversations with German statesmen, but the importance of these conversations was not in the achievement of the ends sought but rather in the revelation of the characters and states of mind of the men who exercised governmental functions in Germany. In the early years, when Hitler's power was not firmly established, the general tone of the conversations was hopeful in view of the opinion, often expressed by Dodd's interlocutors, that Hitler's regime could not last. The purge of 1934 was obviously a turning point. From then on the amazing accessions of Nazi power and the incredible incidents of its exercise left no doubt in Dodd's mind as to the accelerating catastrophe of Europe. His own inability to do anything to avert it oppressed him more and more. "What can I do?" he exclaims in despair.

A question arises in regard to the sincerity of the German diplomats who in conversation uttered so freely views hostile to their chief of state and his partisans. On one subject Dodd undoubtedly appealed to the convictions of men like Schacht, von Neurath and Dieckhof. He believed in the old liberal doctrine of freedom of trade as a solvent of international rivalries. He had always attributed to the United States a major responsibility for the discontents of the world by reason of its selfish and self-defeating policy of protection. With the well known attitude of Secretary Hull for his authority, he found a basis for sympathetic exchange of views. In regard to the discrimination of Germany in respect to interest on loans of the United States bankers, he agreed with von Bülow: "Nations cannot set up hard and fast barriers and then expect payment of international debts." As to the appalling treatment of the Jews, there is reason to believe that German gentlemen shared the shame and horror felt by other civilized people. This is borne out by a conversation with Baron von Neurath:

> I continued: You cannot expect world opinion of your conduct to moderate so long as eminent leaders like Hitler and Goebbels announce from platforms, as in Nürnberg, that all Jews must be wiped off the earth. He was embarrassed, as on one or two previous occasions. He did not promise any reform, much as he seemed to lament the facts.

But there also is evident, especially in the earlier period of Dodd's mission, a complaisance toward the susceptibilities of the American. Dodd wrote to a former colleague of a drive with Hitler during which the latter repeatedly made his chauffeur stop and tear down incendiary posters against the Jews, with expressions of disgust at their vulgarity and stupidity.

In the course of Dodd's innumerable conversations he heard many things which, whether true or not, have a significance from the mere fact that they were reported. There is the story that the Reichswehr obtained the records of the von Schleicher affair, and when the S. S. sent five men to recover the papers, the men were shot down, the bodies burned and the ashes sent to Himmler. There is the story that General von Reichenau, urging Hitler to make terms with Russia, reported the Faustian reply: "Well, I will make a treaty with the devil for Germany's

[1] Ambassador Dodd's Diary, 1933-1938. Edited by William E. Dodd Jr. and Martha Dodd, with an introduction by Charles A. Beard. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 480 pages. $3.50.

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sake." Dodd was told that Diels, chief of secret police, disobeyed Goering's order to put Dimitrov out of the way after his acquittal in the Reichstag fire trial. At the Passion Play in Oberammergau, the Ambassador heard with his own ears the reverent comment of "a well dressed German" when Jesus was being tried: "Es ist unser Hitler."

The main interest and value of the narrative, however, is in the cumulative effect derived from the correct appraisal of the catastrophic situation, and the men and their acts responsible for it. The part of Germany is revealed in the increasing subjection of the von Neuraths, Dieckhofs and Schachts to the triumvirate, and the acquiescence of the army in its plans. The course of the democracies is more difficult to plot, but it shows constant self-deception and self-betrayal—"We are betrayed by what is false within." To begin with, there was the persistent violation by France of the disarmament clauses of the Treaty of Versailles, and the ruin of the Social Democratic republic by French policy. Next, there was violation of treaties forbidding Germany to arm by France, England and the United States. While England was pressing for a disarmament conference, a British woman was selling war equipment to Germany for Armstrong-Vickers. The sinister figure of Colonel Edward A. Deeds drifts into view for a moment. "Deeds had negotiated a deal with a German corporation for sending over our airplane patents so that the German company could manufacture and sell a hundred planes to Italy, the American company to share the profits"—the kind of deal, Dodd remarks, that was common among the numerous foreign business men who passed through Germany at that time. The French Ambassador, François-Poncet, shared Dodd's apprehensions but not his vision. When the former argued strongly for the Hoare-Laval agreement, Dodd exclaimed: "It's the biggest mistake since the World War."

Lord Lothian appears with his plan to unite the democracies and turn Germany's course eastward. "A war between Russia and Germany does not seem to disturb him seriously. In fact he seems to feel this would be a good solution of the difficulties imposed on Germany by the Versailles Treaty." Elsewhere Dodd remarks, "He seemed to be more a Fascist than any other Englishman I have met." Sir Nevile Henderson is exposed as the chief appeaser in his anticipatory sketch of the next peace. "Germany must dominate the Danube-Balkan zone, which means that she is to dominate Europe. England and her empire is to dominate the seas along with the United States. England and Germany must come into close relations, economic and political, and control the world—France is a back number and unworthy of support. Franco is to control Spain."

The final significance of Ambassador Dodd's diary is as a warning. "It can happen here." Hitler at the outset was no more credible than Coughlin or Hearst. The statesmen of France and England who kept the ring while Italy and Germany pounded to death the Spanish republic had their counterparts in high places in the United States. Ambassador Dodd returned to this country literally to die, but before his death he threw his remaining strength into last efforts by writing and speaking to set before his countrymen the fate which threatened them in a world given over to violence. His diary is prophecy as well as history.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

Confederate Diary

I Rode with Stonewall, by Henry Kyd Douglas. The University of North Carolina Press. 384 pages. $3.

EXCEPT FOR a few months spent in Union prison camps, Henry Kyd Douglas fought with the Confederate army throughout the Civil War. On the record alone he was something of a boy wonder, enlisting at twenty as a private and winding up as the commander of the last brigade to stack arms at Appomattox, still under twenty-five. He was the youngest member of "Stonewall" Jackson's staff; he was wounded repeatedly and often cited for bravery; he wrote conscientiously in his diary almost every day, and because of that we now have "I Rode with Stonewall," which belongs among the really fascinating military memoirs of the Civil War. In a literal sense, at least, the book must be rated the number-one publisher's "find" of the past year. It was written in 1866 and rewritten in 1898, but remained unpublished (in a garret, the publishers say) until now.

It should be made clear that Douglas wrote simply as an intelligent and observant soldier, not as a reflective historian, and he touches on neither the causes nor the aftermath of the war. As a born Virginian he sided with the South as a matter of simple geographical loyalty. Moreover, he almost never discloses a sustained sense of distress or compassion while recording the action of one of the bloodiest conflicts of modern times. Not that he was devoid of feeling. His attitude seems to have been that of the working military man somewhat affected by the cult of gallantry that was nurtured among young Confederate officers. At the very outset he remarks that he "never felt so sorry for the soldier wounded in battle as for the one too ill to go into it." He was resilient enough to enjoy dancing after a day of deadly fighting, intellectual enough in his tastes to read widely throughout the war. And he was young enough to have a hero.

The hero was "Stonewall" Jackson and two-thirds of the book really belongs to him. Here again it is the man as soldier alone that matters to Douglas. He is at his best describing Jackson's drive, his shrewd strategy and his almost legendary swiftness of movement. And he manages to convey the intense loyalty given by his men to the sick, secret commander who never failed to praise God in his dispatches. "They believed he could do anything he wished, and he believed they could do anything he commanded." Douglas says that Jackson never consulted his staff. He planned alone, broke every rule of warfare and answered his critics only through his victories. The boy makes the most of his hero: the devout churchgoer who always slept through the services; the chronic invalid who drove himself as relentlessly as he drove his men; the inscrutable chief who calmly sucked a lemon throughout the battle of Cold Harbor. But, on the debunking side, the Barbara Frietchie matter turns out to be just another legend swallowed by a gullible poet.

As biography alone, of course, all this is a good deal less than satisfying. The truth is that neither Douglas nor, apparently, anyone else ever quite broke through Jackson's remoteness. No existing biography of the man releases a sense of intimacy in the reader. And if Douglas stages him

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more vividly than the others, he comes no closer to understanding him.

With Jackson's death the narrative loses its focal interest and falls off somewhat in vigor. But there is Gettysburg and the prison camps and the final campaign yet to come, as well as Douglas' eye-witness account of Mrs. Surratt's trial. These are handled with the same sharp touch of immediacy that seems to make the reader a contemporary of the time and people throughout the book. "I Rode With Stonewall" might have been more satisfying if Douglas had paused to ask himself what all the shooting was about, but as first-hand war reporting it makes practically non-stop reading.

MAX GISSEN

Fiction: Odd and Ordinary

Reflections in a Golden Eye, by Carson McCullers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 182 pages. $2.
The Survivor, by Dennis Parry. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 318 pages. $2.50.
Stevie, by Benedict Thielen. New York: The Dial Press. 278 pages. $2.
The Golden Touch, by Stephen Longstreet. New York: Random House. 317 pages. $2.50.

IN SPITE of the vague and phony poetics of its title, "Reflections in a Golden Eye" is a brilliant piece of execution, hard, exact and graceful in likeness, a sort of cameo in fiction (33,000 words). Its motion is almost centripetal in effect, for it is not only conspicuous in observance of the classic unities, it excludes all but the six characters who are being drawn into the act of the climax. You get the outline on the first page: "There is a fort in the South where a few years ago a murder was committed. The participants of this tragedy were: two officers, a soldier, two women, a Filipino and a horse."

From that page to the last, where the shots are fired, there is a steady gathering of facts and reasons that proceeds with an undercurrent of mounting intensity and no raising of the voice. Two of the people are normal, healthy and a little weak-minded. One wife is sickly, suspicious and desperate. The horse is a property; the Filipino makes an exotic character but he is a property too, and the only gratuitous one. The active trouble rises from the characters of the Captain, who is a cuckold, impotent to the point of homosexuality but a brilliant staff officer, and the Private, who is a steady enough soldier but an odder case of the sleep-walker awake than I ever saw.

If this quiet, subtle and thorough treatment of human passions seems a *tour de force* in spite of its atmosphere of strange-but-true, its etched background of the army post, the customs, the look and feel of the weather, the key to it is in these two principals. They are ranged against each other by such extreme peculiarities of temperament and moved by such dumb, obscure forces, that almost anything could be made logically to happen to either. Whereas in the sense of the dramatically inevitable, nothing *has* happened by the ending, in release or final expression, vengeance or atonement. The reader is never identified with anyone in the book; and it seems that the price of such perfection in having everything come out exact and even is that you have to play with a special deck of cards, deliberately leaving the hearts out of it.

Footnote: The author's remarkable craft in keeping up the tension is more evident when you have finished and can reflect that she goes severely, page after page, with nothing but the monotonous-declarative: "Private Williams did not smoke, drink, fornicate or gamble. In the barracks he kept to himself and was something of a mystery to the other men. Most of his leisure time Private Williams spent out in the woods surrounding the post. The reservation, fifteen miles square, was wild unspoiled country."

"The Survivor" is even more a *tour de force*, but here the weakness is simpler to analyze: having gradually injected the supernatural among the ordinary people of the book, the author does not know how in the end to keep up with his own momentum and achieve any conclusively unnatural height. The story takes place in a remote and miserably frostbound English village during a black plague of influenza; and nearly all of it has to do with the household of one of the country's great doctors, now called out of a crabbed retirement. This man is the force of the story: and also one of the weaknesses, for while it is essential for effect that he be a wicked, wicked man, or nearer monster, actually in his character as seen he isn't. He is mean but explosive and refreshing. He dies halfway through and his indomitable evil spirit returns, very ingeniously and with no dated apparatus of squeak and gibber; but the novel doesn't rest on this trick of projection alone, as do most of the unearthlies. The life of the village and the bleakness of the time are built quite solidly into it; it is good readable

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stuff even when there aren't chills, and logical as far as logic can take it.

"Stevie" is a collection of eleven stories—all of them about the various affairs of the same two couples, and most of them turning upon the personality of Stevie. Stevie is fairly young but has salesmen on the road; he is a man with a whipsaw tongue, a Philistine self-confidence, and the energy in high jinks of a Legion convention. He is too sharp for a Babbitt, too much a mere part-time louse for a Pal Joey or Harry Bogen; he is less the sporting type than Ring Lardner, less gunwise and sentimental than Damon Runyon. He resembles all of them in one way or another simply because all of them were brought (in one way or another) straight into fiction out of a special kind and time of life: twentieth-century American, first half, lower drawer. People like this not only live, they're all over the place. And if the implication of a narrow, jeering existence, riding with roughshod complacence out of our yesterdays into every tomorrow makes you shudder, why good lord it's time you shuddered.

Stevie and his friends are good fiction for the reason that Benedict Thielen knows how to write it. Each situation is slight: a country week-end, a formal wedding, a cruise, a bachelor holiday, Miami—usually with the two wives ganging up on the males for uncouthness, sometimes with a turnabout. But in each case, a thing *happens*, and in the happening brings out its facts of character and conflict effortlessly, with both likelihood and fast idiomatic humor. In between "Tourist Home," in which Stevie is at his vilest, and something like "Salt Box," in which he is a simple comment on one of life's hard trials, there is truth here and interest too. It is secondary fiction but easy reading; and it will be a document of value to some great-grandson with glasses and a researcher's interest in how it was with us, beyond the formal histories and headlines, movies and strangulated poets.

Stephen Longstreet's new novel is also about brash business types, *ca.* 1940, but it wishes to be about everything else in the world as well: the market, the war boom, international pie-fingers, anti-fascists, fifth-columnists, workers, tea-hounds, blockades and raiders, night-club lushes, salesmen, buyers, mothers, writers. "The Golden Touch" uses the cross-section technique, the lick at this and promise of that, in which everything has a place and no time to find its seat, and in the course of which everybody appears and nobody is there. The book has its own story, about a self-made financial wizard, his operations and a nearly disastrous love affair. And other characters for all occasions. But as each brief occasion succeeds another, even the main actors change their roles faster than you can change your shirt; and the main surviving point of the whole story is that things were going on.

Except when Longstreet is monkeying around with the dubious and overpoetic device of the Camera Eye, the story gets right along, though. It has as well the fascination of many different and obscure procedures in the day and night life of the world (many of them gained, I am afraid, from a hasty reading of newspaper color stories). But mainly it is readable because its action is accepted with the implicit novelist's promise that the incidents lead to some conclusion, that the characters not only have some meaning but will keep it. But what you find at the end is that all the novelist intended in the first place was to sweep the top off a year's events, add sugar and bitters and something blue, and shake them in a hat. OTIS FERGUSON

WANTED: THE STARRETT REPORT

I believe that in the year 1931 Colonel W. A. Starrett made a searching report on slum clearance projects for a large number of our big cities. This illuminating report was apparently a part of an exhaustive research study on housing and slum clearance made by the Hoover Committee, much of which was never published.

When I began looking for this great piece of work, starting in 1938, I was baffled at every turn. A brief summary (an introduction to the main report found in volume 3 of the 14-volume work on the Presidential Conference on Housing and Slum Clearance) is the only thing made public. There is also an article written by Colonel Starrett and published in the January 16th, 1932 issue of the Saturday Evening Post, a few weeks before he died. These two pieces and his obituary in a 1932 issue of Architecture tell quite a story in themselves.

My conviction is that the Starrett report has been withheld from the public because of the fact that it cuts across the interests of too many people. The general attitude of secrecy that I've encountered on every side has made me wonder if there isn't some political motive behind its disappearance.

My concern over our pressing social problems explains my interest in this report. I have every reason to believe that the findings of Colonel Starrett, if carried out, would help solve our problems of poverty and unemployment.

While my efforts to locate the report have thus far proved unavailing, I am still convinced that it exists and consider it a social duty to bring it to light. If anyone reading this advertisement can help me in my efforts to locate the report, I'd be grateful if he or she would communicate with the undersigned immediately.

EDWINA CRUNDEN
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Contributors

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ROBERT MORSS LOVETT, a former editor of The New Republic, is now government secretary of the Virgin Islands.

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